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EDINBURGH: ROBERT CADELL.

LONDON: HOULSTON & STONEMAN, 65, PATERNOSTER ROW.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1841.

REVIEWS

Travels in the Himalayan Provinces of Hindostan and the Panjab. By Mr. W. Moorcroft and Mr. G. Trebeck; edited by Horace Hayman Wilson. 2 vols. Murray.

The fifteen years which have elapsed between the death of the indefatigable Moorcroft and the publication of his journal, detract but little from the freshness of the latter. Several travellers have followed in his footsteps, and some, dissembling their obligations to him, have even courted the fame that attends on priority of discovery; they have neglected no means of rendering the history of their adventures popular; yet what arts could they employ, what charm could they invent, half so engaging as the calm earnestness and resolute enthusiasm of Moorcroft,—his grand projects, his total disregard of difficulties, and, above all, his sympathetic and lively observation of all that pertains to the occupations of rural life? His papers, it is true, originally discursive and voluminous to excess, are now abridged, and laid before the public without the author's revision. But, on the other hand, they have found an editor to whose judgment Moorcroft, if he were alive, would have cheerfully resigned them. Mr. Wilson, performing his editorial task with the zeal of a friend and the discernment of a scholar, has erased whatever was dry or frivolous, and produced a narrative which, in the simplest form, is full of interesting matter.

William Moorcroft was a native of Lancashire, and was educated at Liverpool for the profession of a surgeon. Accident, however, directed his attention to the veterinary art, which was at that time altogether in the hands of low and uneducated practitioners. His friends differing in opinion as to the prudence of his adopting that line of practice as a profession, it was agreed to refer the question to the celebrated John Hunter. After a long conversation on the subject with Moorcroft, Mr. Hunter declared that if he were not advanced in years, he would himself begin the study of the veterinary art on the following day. This answer was decisive. Moorcroft studied at the veterinary schools in France, and then settled in London, where he practised for some years with great success, and realized a handsome property. Some portion of this, however, he lost by a project for the manufacture of cast-iron horse-shoes. He appears also to have conceived disgust at the vulgarity with which the exercise of his profession brought him into collision; and he gladly acceded, therefore, to a proposal to go out to Bengal as superintendent of the East India Company's military stud. He arrived there in 1808, and his care quickly diminished the amount of disease then prevalent among the horses of the Indian cavalry. But he soon became convinced of the necessity of improving the breed of horses in that country, and he strongly urged the expediency of introducing the Turkman or the English horse, in preference to the Arab.

The means of penetrating into Turkistan now chiefly occupied his thoughts. The purchase of horses in Yarkand, Balkh, or Bokhara, was the central object round which his plans arranged themselves. But these insensibly increased to a great magnitude. He conceived that while purchasing horses in Turkistan, he might also open a general intercourse between British India and Central Asia; he might find new materials to employ the skill, and new markets for the products, of the British manufacturer. He thought that he might extend British influence; and, in short, cause the practical disappearance of the natural and political barrier encompassing

British India on the north and north-west. To these plans the government of India lent no encouragement, barely acquiescing in the idea of buying horses in Bokhara. Subsequently, when Moorcroft engaged in political negotiations, it censured his conduct; and when his stay in Ladakh seemed unreasonably protracted, it suspended the payment of his salary. But if these proceedings appear harsh, it must be taken into consideration that his plans were, with much justice, looked upon as impracticable; that he evidently aimed at doing much more than buying horses; and that the pleasure which he evidently felt in distant excursions and a field life, appeared to many to sway him as much as views of public benefit.

Towards the end of 1819 Moorcroft started on his journey, accompanied by Mr. Trebeck, a young gentleman to whom he intrusted the geographical details of the journey, and who executed his task with uncommon diligence and success. He was also attended by Mr. Guthrie, a native of India, and by Mir Izzet Ullah, whom he had sent into Turkistan in 1812 to explore the road, and whose account of his route through Yarkand and Kashgar to Bokhara has been published in the Calcutta 'Quarterly Review.' Our traveller's plans required that he should carry with him a large quantity of merchandise. His retinue varied from forty persons to double that number; and these, with a long train of beasts of burden, had so formidable an appearance, that on more than one occasion the villagers in the hills fled at their approach, taking them for the advanced guard of an invading army, or at least thinking them too numerous to be trusted.

We shall pass over the early part of our traveller's route, glancing only at the picturesque village of Pinjore, where the cottages are built with sculptured stones, and fragments of costly architecture are scattered about. Six terraced gardens, rising one above another, and watered from a reservoir in the centre, are shaded with mango, orange, and pomegranate trees. Round this ancient nest of luxury are wild woods, inhabited by the elephant, buffalo, and tiger. In his journey to the capital of Ranjit Singh, our author devoted some time in each of the principal towns to medical practice. He found diseases of the eye very prevalent, and was frequently called on to operate for cataract. He discovered, also, that many of the native barbers-surgeons are in the habit of couching, but owing to the clumsiness of their instruments, they are not often successful. After a good deal of delay, he reached Lahore, and was introduced into the presence of Ranjit Singh. As he entered, the Maharaja rose from his chair, which was of gold, and pointed to another of silver which was placed for the traveller. In the conversation which ensued, Ranjit Singh entered fully into the plans of Mr. Moorcroft respecting the purchase of horses in Bokhara, and wished to have some of those so procured. He exhibited his own stud, maintained chiefly by presents from his officers. In following interviews he became extremely familiar and communicative, and related that when the British army, under Lord Lake, entered the Panjab in pursuit of Holkar, he felt a strong desire to see the European general and his officers. Disguised therefore as a common trooper, he went with a party of his people to the British camp, where his curiosity was indulged, but he was recognized by Mr. Metcalfe, who had been sent as envoy to his court. The object of our author's visit to the Maharaja was gained, in permission to cross his dominions on the way to Ladakh; and if the road to Turkistan were found impracticable in that direction, to pass through Kashmir with two hundred followers.

Proceeding from Lahore to the Himâle, our author spent some time at Shujanpure, the residence of the Raja, Sansar Chand. This chief boasts of being descended from Mahadeo, the Indian godhead; and among the muniments of his state is preserved the genealogy of the family, from their divine origin to the present day. Mr. Moorcroft's request, to be allowed to have a copy taken of this singular document, was immediately granted. But, indeed, he had reason to feel interested in the unrivalled nobility of the Chand family, being himself admitted a member of it. Fateh Chand, the brother of the Raja, and a favourite among the people, was attacked with an illness which threatened to prove fatal. The native physicians and wizards had exhausted their drugs and spells on him to no purpose. Our author, being pointed out by an astrologer as the person who held the life of Fateh Chand in his hands, was then called in, and having stipulated for an exemption from all blame in case the patient died, he began what he calls a vigorous course of treatment,—that is to say, he treated the sick man as he would have treated a horse. Death, unused to such dealings on the part of his friends, the Faculty in that part of the world, let go his hold, and Fateh Chand recovered.

"Nothing," he observes, "could exceed the expression, and I believe the sentiment of gratitude on the part of the Raja and his son. Besides a valuable dress of honour, the former conferred upon me a grant of land, desiring me to appoint some one to manage it on my behalf. The whole country seemed to rejoice in Fateh Chand's recovery, for his courage and frankness made him a general favourite. He himself, when sufficiently restored, insisted on exchanging his turban for my hat, and making me his brother by adoption. He placed his turban on my head, and my hat on his; each waved his hand, holding a handful of rupees, round the other's head, and the rupees were distributed amongst the servants. He also gave me some green *dib* grass, which I was desired to wear, and thus, notwithstanding the difference of caste and complexion, I became an honorary member of the family of Sansar Chand. What-ever might be the value of such an association, it was a most unequivocal testimony of the sincerity of their gratitude."

The vigorous treatment which saved the life of Fateh Chand, saved his wives also, who had already prepared to ascend the funeral pile in the event of his decease. The rites of Sati retained their influence undiminished in Shujanpure; and while our author resided there, two widows were burned alive, the elder of whom was only fourteen years of age.

The village of Labrang, on the southern face of the Himâle, is the last inhabited place on the way to the Bara Lacha pass. For some distance below it the country loses its Indian character. Sour gooseberries and apples are the only fruits met with. The trees round the village are sacred to the local deities, and a traveller must not gather even their withered leaves or boughs for fuel, lest untimely snow storms be the consequence. Beyond Labrang, the old road to Ladakh was stopped up by the subsidence of a mountain which was years in progress. Mr. Moorcroft thus describes this singular phenomenon:—

"About two-thirds up the acclivity of a mountain, about half a mile distant, a little dust was from time to time seen to arise; this presently increased, until an immense cloud spread over and concealed the summit, whilst from underneath it huge blocks of stone were seen rolling and tumbling down the steep. Some of these buried themselves in the ground at the foot of the perpendicular face of the cliff; some slid along the rubbish of previous debris, grinding it to powder, and marking their descent by a line of dust; some bounded along with great velocity and plunged into the river, scattering its waters about in spray. A noise like the pealing of artillery accompanied

every considerable fall. In the intervals of a slip, and when the dust was dispersed, the face of the descent was seen broken into ravines, or scored with deep channels, and blackened as if with moisture. About half a mile beyond, and considerably higher than the crumbling mountain, was another whose top was tufted with snow. It was surrounded by others lower and of a more friable nature. It appeared to me that the melting of the snows on the principal mountain, and the want of a sufficient vent for the water, was the cause of the rapid decay of the mountains which surrounded it; for the water which in the summer lodges in the fissures and clefts of the latter, becomes frozen again in winter, and in its expansion tears to pieces the surrounding and superincumbent rock. Again, melting in the summer it percolates through the loosened soil, and undermining projecting portions of the rock, precipitates them into the valley. As, however, rubbish accumulates on the face and at the foot of the mountain, a fresh barrier and buttress are formed, and the work of destruction is arrested for a season."

On crossing the Ghat, or pass of Tung lung, a new scene presented itself; the horizon was everywhere skirted with sharp-peaked mountains capped with snow. The village of Runchu, the first abode of man met with for fourteen days, was soon arrived at. But the people were unwilling to hold any communication with the strangers, who deemed it prudent to pitch their tents till they should obtain the permission of the Ladakh government to advance. After much negotiation this point was gained. "The streets of Lé were crowded with people to see the entrance of the Firingis, and in the groups were mingled the good-humoured faces of the Ladakhis, the sullen and designing countenances of the Kashmiris, the high bonnets of Yarkand, and the bare heads of the Lamas, with the long lappets and astonished looks of the women."

In the negotiations that ensued, the Ladakhis showed themselves to be a kind, courteous, and shrewd people. They had independent good sense enough to withstand the sinister representations made to them by their neighbours, especially those under Chinese influence, respecting the British. To the inquiry of the Khalun, or chief minister of Ladakh, what we wished for, or expected, it was answered, "that all we sought for was, 1st, liberty to trade with Ladakh, and through it with other countries; 2ndly, moderate duties; 3rdly, a permanent factory at Lé; and 4thly, the good offices of the government with that of Gardoek, to induce the latter to open the Niti Ghat to British commerce."

Mr. Moorcroft had in like manner made overtures to Ranjit Singh, having for their object the increased facility of commercial intercourse. The magnitude and importance of the political arrangements which, wholly unauthorized by government, he took it upon himself to propose to the independent states adjoining British India, offer at once a proof of his enthusiasm, and an explanation of the cautious reserve and air of discouragement which the authorities in India maintained towards him. In Ladakh, however, he was apparently successful. His views were opposed by the merchants of Kashmir, and by the Chinese emissaries. But in spite of their intrigues, he signed a preliminary treaty about eight months after his arrival in Lé, or as he himself expresses it, "engagements were exchanged between the Raja and chief officers of Ladakh on the one part, and myself on behalf of the British merchants of Calcutta on the other, calculated to throw open to the enterprise of the latter, and through them to the manufactures of Great Britain, the whole of Central Asia, from China to the Caspian Sea."

So far as Ladakh is concerned, Moorcroft's narrative is still without a rival. The information afforded by the missionaries, Andrade and Desideri, who, in the early part of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries respectively, touched

on, or passed through, that country, is obscure, meagre, and obsolete. More recently the Geards, of whose persevering labours we have elsewhere given an account (*Athen.* No. 644), approached the frontiers of the provinces adjoining Ladakh; but their advance was in every instance firmly, though politely, resisted by the authorities. The province of Ladakh, on the table land of the Himâlîch, has a length of about 250 miles from east to west, and a breadth of 200 from the mountains of Karakorum to the fort of Trankar in Piti. The physical character of the country is thus described by our author:

"Although the country of Ladakh lies at a lower elevation than the mountain ranges, which serve as ramparts to its northern and southern frontier, yet its general character is that of its gigantic neighbours, and its lowest levels are in the vicinity of perpetual snow. It is, in fact, a series of narrow valleys, situated between mountains not of very great altitude as compared with the land at their feet, but ordinarily towering to a height above the sea, which surpasses that of the pinnacles of the Alps. The elevation of Lé itself is more than eleven thousand feet

left undisturbed, but the smaller fragments are collected and arranged in longitudinal piles or walls, traversing the face of the declivity, which every field more or less presents, forming a series of parallel lines, the space between which is made as level as possible by conveying materials from the upper to the lower edge of the slope. In this manner a succession of terraces is constructed, each supported by a stone breast-work, and down which stone channels communicating with some spring or natural reservoir on the higher ground conduct a plentiful supply of water. This is the disposition of the grounds in the vicinity of the villages and towns which are situated in the different valleys forming the inhabited and cultivated portion of Ladakh; but even in solitary spots, remote from human habitations, stone dykes may be observed crossing the sloping sides of mountains near their base: these are constructed by the peasants to assist the deposit of soil and gravel by the melting snows, and they are thus left for many years, perhaps for some generations, for the operation of natural agency to prepare for the labour of man, and the more ready conversion of an abrupt and sterile declivity into an accessible flight of terraces of cultivation."

These terraces are regularly irrigated, and the growing crops are weeded with great care, as the scarcity of fodder gives value to every green leaf. In the western part of the country, a plant named Prangos, the clustering leaves and flowers of which sometimes spread to a circumference of eighteen feet, and which Dr. Royle suppose to be the *Sylphium* of the ancients, affords a great resource for cattle. They never touch it when green, but, dried, it appears to be equally palatable and nutritious.

In Ladakh much use is made of the hybrid progeny of the Yak or Tatar ox, and common cow. The people thoroughly understand the different dispositions and capabilities of the several varieties of the hybrid cattle. They have also a diminutive variety of sheep, called the Purik, which, in our author's opinion, "would be an invaluable appendage to the cottage of the British peasant, as it could be maintained at scarcely any cost." This little animal, when full grown, is no larger than a Southdown lamb five or six months old. Its mutton is excellent. But its recommendation consists in its perfectly domesticated habits. It gathers its food industriously from the peelings of esculent vegetables, crumbs of bread, tea-leaves, and will even nibble a bone.

The people of Ladakh, though not wealthy, are generally in comfortable circumstances. They pay no money taxes, but contribute, in kind, for the support of the Raja and principal officers. One of the most singular of their customs, is that of polyandry, or plurality of husbands:—

"They have some singular domestic institutions. When an eldest son marries, the property of his father descends to him, and he is charged with the maintenance of his parents. They may continue to live with him if he and his wife please, if not, he provides them with a separate dwelling. A younger son is usually made a Lama. Should there be more brothers, and they agree to the arrangement, the juniors become inferior husbands to the wife of the elder: all the children, however, are considered as belonging to the head of the family. The younger brothers have no authority, they wait upon the elder as his servants, and can be turned out of doors at his pleasure, without its being incumbent upon him to provide for them. On the death of the eldest brother, his property, authority, and widow devolve upon his next brother."

This strange system of domestic life cannot fail to give rise to trains of sentiment and modifications of moral feeling unknown in Europe. But Mr. Moorcroft did not view mankind on the ethical side; and accordingly, though he resided two years in Ladakh, we find, in his journal, no allusion made to polyandry, except the brief account of it quoted above. What makes this conjugal economy more remarkable is, that two

thirds of the population in Ladakh are females: so that nature seems bent on dissuading the people from following their ancient custom.

The convents both for males and females in Ladakh are well stocked; but respecting the means of support or employment of their inmates, we are imperfectly informed. The religious ceremonies of the Lamas consist, in a great measure, of musical performance; and when witnessed, a few centuries ago, by the Catholic missionaries in Central Asia, were supposed by them to be an imitation of the high mass. Our author says:—

"The religious service of the Lama, which is performed daily at the Gom-pas, or temples attached to monasteries, consists chiefly of prayers and chanting, in which the formula, 'Om manipadme hum,' is frequently repeated, and the whole is accompanied with the music of wind instruments, chiefly harmonizing with tabretts and drums. Amongst the former is a sliding trumpet of large size, which is upheld by one whilst blown by another, and has a very deep and majestic intonation; a hautboy, the reed of which is surrounded by a circular plate covering the mouth, and the conch shell with a copper mouth-piece; metallic cymbals, much more mellow and sonorous than others, complete the band. These musical accompaniments are not confined to temples, but form part of the state of the higher secular dignitaries, and the Raja is always preceded by minstrels and musicians when he leaves his palace. On religious festivals part of the ceremony consists in rude dramatic representations by the Lamas, of animals, of human persons, or supernatural beings; and the masks which are worn on these occasions surpass in ingenuity and grotesqueness those of all ancient or modern times. They are not unfrequently modelled after nature; and I witnessed the representation of a Darby and Joan by two Lamas, the features of which were exaggerated portraits of an old couple in the city. The persons so disguised perform dances, which are said sometimes to have a mystical or symbolic import."

During his stay in Ladakh, Mr. Moorcroft neglected no means of obtaining permission to enter Chinese Tatar, and sent messengers to Yarkand, to explain his views and propitiate the authorities: but to no purpose. After much delay his request was peremptorily refused. He imputed his failure, in this instance, to the intrigues of the Kashmirian merchants, who, while they pretended to befriend him, made the strongest representations to his disadvantage. Allowing the correctness of all his surmises, we yet doubt whether the Kashmirians evinced more jealousy of interference with their trade, than is usual among merchants in all parts of the world. An Armenian, bearing letters from the Emperor of Russia to the rulers of Ladakh and of the Panjab, arrived in the former country during our author's residence there, and engaged his attention. The letters were but formal invitations to commercial intercourse. The Asiatic subjects of Russia carry on a constant trade with Turkistan, and through their means British goods were formerly carried over the Himalâch to the banks of the Indus. Recent events have now probably made us carriers of our own manufactures to all the countries south of the Himalâch. We shall now quit the elevated region, and descend with our author into the valley of Kashmir, not omitting, however, to observe, that in leaving Ladakh he received the most gratifying assurances of esteem and attachment, both from the government and the people. He also experienced the firm friendship of a merchant of Turkistan, who knew the British only by name, at a time when he was embarrassed by the negligence or mistrust of his correspondents in India.

On the 3rd of November, 1822, our traveller entered the city of Kashmir, and was conducted to a summer-house in a large garden on the shores of a lake. Dilapidation and impoverish-

ment, with splendid capabilities, were spread around. An order had recently issued from Ranjit Singh prohibiting the sale of any of the last year's crop of rice till some arrears of the revenue had been paid up; and crowds now gathered round the strangers, praying them to intercede with the government and save the people from starvation. The policy of the Maharaja appears to have resembled that of the Pasha of Egypt. He resumed the property of all the land, and increased the imposts to such a degree as to reduce all classes to poverty. But the Kashmirians had an advantage over the Egyptians, inasmuch as expatriation was to them more easy. They fled to Hindustan, and left to the Sikhs a desolated province. Moorcroft says,—

"The population of the city of Kashmir, although much diminished, must be numerous. One hundred and twenty thousand persons, it is said, are employed in the shawl manufacture alone; and, although this is the chief employment of the population, yet the other trades and occupations, essential to the support of a large city, must, at least, double the amount: the population of the province is estimated at eight hundred thousand. Everywhere, however, the people are in the most abject condition; exorbitantly taxed by the Sikh government, and subjected to every kind of extortion and oppression by its officers. The consequence of this system are, the gradual depopulation of the country: not more than about one-sixteenth of the cultivable surface is in cultivation, and the inhabitants starving at home, are driven in great numbers to the Plains of Hindustan. In like manner the people of the city are rapidly thinning, though less from emigration, than poverty and disease: the prevalence of the latter in its most aggravated forms was fearfully extensive. I devoted every Friday to the reception of visits from the sick, and a greater number and cases of greater inverarity crowded round my door than ever presented themselves at the Hotel de Dieu. I had at one time no fewer than six thousand eight hundred patients on my list, a large proportion of whom were suffering from the most loathsome diseases, brought on by scant and unwholesome food, dark, damp, and ill-ventilated lodgings, excessive dirtiness, and gross immorality."

Since this was written the population of Kashmir has diminished to one-fourth, or 200,000 souls. From 38 lakhs of Panjab rupees, Ranjit Singh lowered his demand to 18 lakhs, but still no revenue could be raised. It is to be hoped that since the death of that ruler, whose merits, as is often the case with fortunate ambition, were much over-estimated, some amelioration has taken place in the condition of Kashmir. Since Moorcroft's time, Jacquemont, Baron von Hügel, Vigne, and others, have visited that country, and made known its attractions. Our author's account of the floating gardens is, nevertheless, we believe still original:—

"Another, and an important use, made of the abundant water surface of Kashmir, is the formation of floating gardens. Various aquatic plants spring from the bottom of the lakes, as water lilies, coniferous, sedges, reeds, &c., and as the boats which traverse these waters take, generally, the shortest lines they can pursue to the place of their destination, the lakes are, in some parts, cut, as it were, in avenues amongst the plants, which, in shallows, are separated by beds of sedges and of reeds. In the latter places the neighbouring farmer attempts to establish his cucumber and melon floats, by cutting off the roots of the aquatic plants just mentioned, about two feet under the water, so that they completely lose all connexion with the bottom of the lake, but retain their former situation in respect to each other. When thus detached from the soil they are pressed into somewhat closer contact, and formed into beds of about two yards in breadth, and of an indefinite length. The heads of the sedges, reeds, and other plants of the float, are now cut off, and laid upon its surface, and covered with a thin coat of mud, which, at first intercepted in its descent, gradually sinks into the mass of matted roots. The bed floats, but is kept in its place by a stake of willow driven through

it at each end, which admits of its rising or falling in accommodation to the rise or fall of the water. By means of a long pole thrust amongst the weeds at the bottom of the lake from the side of a bont, and turned round several times in the same direction, a quantity of conifers and of other plants is torn off from the bottom, and carried in the boat to the platform, where the weeds are twisted into conical mounds about two feet in diameter at their base, and of the same height, terminating at the top in a hollow, which is filled with fresh soft mud, drawn from the bottom of the lake, to which sometimes wood ashes are added, though much more frequently omitted. The farmer has in preparation a large number of cucumber and melon plants, which have been raised under mats, and of these, when they have four leaves, he places three plants in the basin of every cone or mound, of which a double row runs along the edge of every bed, at about two feet distance from each other. No further care is necessary, except that of collecting the fruit, and the expense of preparing the platforms and cones is confined to the value of the labour, which altogether is trifling, as the work is very soon done. Perhaps a more economical method of raising cucumbers cannot be devised, and though the narrow beds are ordinarily almost in contact by their sides, yet, by their flexible nature, they are so separable that a small boat may be readily pushed between the lines without injuring their structure, and, for the most part, they will bear a man's weight, but, generally, the fruit is picked off from the boat. I traversed a tract of about fifty acres of these floating gardens of cucumbers and melons, and saw not above half a dozen unhealthy plants; nor have I seen in the cucumber and melon grounds in the vicinity of very populous cities in Europe, or in Asia, so large an expanse of plant in a state equally healthy, though it must be observed, without running into luxuriance of growth."

The ground on which we now tread, from Kashmir to the Indus, and thence, westwards, to Kabul, has been of late years so much traversed, that it is needless to enter into the particulars of our author's further route. The popular volumes of Sir A. Burnes have made known, indeed, the remainder of Moorcroft's history, his detention by the crafty and rapacious chief of Khunduz, his favourable reception at Bokhara, and finally his death from fever, with that of Mr. Trebeck, who survived him but a few months, near Balkh, where it is to be hoped that a suitable monument will, ere long, be erected to our intrepid countrymen. We write this on the supposition that it will be found necessary for the security of commerce to erect a fort near Khulum, in the vicinity of Termehd and Balkh.

In reviewing the labours of Moorcroft, it must not be forgotten that he, in his visit to lake Manasarova in 1812, was the first British traveller who penetrated within the great chain of the Himalâch. He alone has been able to explore Ladakh, and though he could not himself obtain access to Khotan and Yarkand, yet he procured for us the best and most recent information respecting those countries, by sending thither Mir Izet Ullah at his own expense. His zealous inquiries into the treatment of the shawl wool goat, and into all the processes of the Kashmirian shawl-worker, with the patterns sent home by him, have contributed not a little to the perfection which the shawl manufacture has now attained in this country. On his way to Kabul he examined some of the Burj, or towers near Jelabad, the erection of which dates probably from the Graeco-Bactrian kingdom; and procured some of those coins which have since been collected in such numbers by M. Honigberger and Mr. Masson, and the explanation of which, by the late Mr. Prinsep and by Mr. Wilson (the editor of Moorcroft's volumes), has made such important and unexpected additions to our historical knowledge. In Bokhara our author succeeded, as usual, in winning personal esteem, and obtained, from the government, at least, all the favour which an individual in

his position could expect. He purchased a number of fine horses, which, with the rest of his property, became, on Mr. Trebeck's death, the spoil of the Turkmans. In short, when we take into account the difficulties experienced by those who have since followed in his track, we hardly know how to express, sufficiently, our admiration of his hardihood and address; and to do him full justice, we must remind our readers, that not only did death overtake him at a time when he had triumphed over the chief difficulties of his undertaking, but that his papers too remained unnoticed, till those who profited by his example had carried off the honours and the fame which properly belonged to him.

The Spas of England, and Principal Sea-Bathing Places. By A. B. Granville, M.D. Northern Spas. Colburn.

This work, as the title plainly indicates, is an offset from the 'Spas of Germany,'—a second thought, arising out of the successful publication of its predecessor. Such second thoughts, however, in bibliopolic matters, seldom justify the proverb; and assuredly this is not an exception. Against the present venture, there is the inferior importance of the theme: for though Dr. Granville gives himself credit for having written the German Spas into popularity, we are inclined to think that his first publication was more indebted to the Spas, than the Spas to him, on that score. The reputation of these foreign watering places,—suspended by the long duration of a war, that excluded the British public from the Continent,—revived rapidly when foreign travel came into fashion; and being founded on a real basis, had created a demand for a publication like that of Dr. Granville's German tour. There is, in point of fact, as the Doctor himself tells us, a general superiority of the foreign Spas over the English, which renders them a matter of legitimate interest to the British invalid. "In the first place," he says,—

"All the cold mineral waters of Germany abound in carbonic-acid gas. Of twenty-one such waters, given in my analytical table, not fewer than seventeen yield from *five-and-twenty* to *forty* cubic inches of carbonic-acid gas in a pint, and are consequently highly effervescent. The others have not less than an average quantity of fourteen cubic inches of the same gas in a pint. ** In looking at the analytical tables which accompany the present volumes, the reader will at once perceive, in the column headed 'free carbonic gas in cubic inches,' that the quantity of that gas in the eighth part of an imperial gallon (a little more than a pint), of twenty-three different waters of low temperatures, out of thirty-two English mineral springs, is under two cubic inches; that in five only it a little exceeds two inches; and in one other it is stated to be as much as eight cubic inches. ** It will be seen that not only are the English mineral waters totally deficient in some of the salts to be found in those in Germany, which give to a mineral water virtues in the cure of certain disorders that one would seek in vain in waters not endowed with the same salts; but that the total or absolute quantity of the saline ingredients altogether—particularly of those of a solvent or purgative character—is inferior in the mineral springs of this country."

Add to this, the *prestige* which surrounds everything that is "far fetched and dear bought," and it cannot be doubted that the German Spas offered great encouragement to the author, which is altogether wanting on the present occasion.

In the next place, this objection against the design of the work presses still harder on its execution. Abroad, Dr. Granville had full licence to indulge in his very discursive mode of handling his subject. The minutest details of the journey, the residence, and the mere animal existence of a foreign spa had an intrinsic interest, and they were moreover much redeemed from the appearance of triviality by their strangeness and foreign colouring. Even the very gossip in

which Dr. Granville so obviously delights, was not vulgarized by commonplace associations, and it often relieved the dryness of mere professional matters.

The reverse of all this is predictable of his home tour. The English Spas are of inferior value; are known in their more popular attributes to most of his readers, and, what is worse, the really efficacious are surrounded by such a halo of *charlatanerie*, that a medical author, who descends to the subject, runs great risk of tumbling headlong into the odious category of local writers of guide books. We know not how far some perverse associations connected with this thought have been influential upon ourselves during the perusal of the Doctor's second venture, but we found it sometimes very difficult to keep under a fancy, which stole upon us, that we had dipped into a continuation of the Little Pedlington papers: and assuredly, whether the fault lay in the book or ourselves, it has impressed us with a feeling of its being written with an emphasis altogether disproportionate to the value of the objects described. As Dr. Granville is somewhat punctilious [see p. 174, note,] on matters of criticism, it may be as well to offer proof. The following we take to be genuine specimens of the Pedlingtonian school:—

"The sun, long past its meridian hour, was lighting up the magnificent scenery around, and inviting people abroad. Long lines of pedestrians were approaching from the cliff to the bridge, and passing through the toll-bar, deployed themselves over the whole length of that stupendous structure, making it their afternoon promenade. Many groups and parties extended as far as the tortuous paths on the opposite hills. Amongst them, I recognised many, and was accosted by some whom I had the honour of being known to professionally, and all of whom spoke in praise of the place. The bearing of many of these visitors bespoke the rank in life to which they attained. Lady R—, the relic of the opulent Yorkshire baronet, near Ferrybridge, whose great wealth has descended to a minor grandson; Colonel M—, and his lovely family, nearly allied in blood to a recently deceased earl; Sir L. O—; the Rev. Dr. F—, a distinguished divine and dignitary of the church; the Honourable Lady and Miss W—; the Ladies H—; the Earl of T— and his Countess; were a few of the *distingués* I could discern in the moving crowd. Others my kind guide named to me, and the presence of all showed that, with a very large number of the superior classes, Scarborough retains still its natural attraction. **

"Who, at a Spa, consisting of merely twenty one-story-high-lodging-houses, brick and mortar built, overlooking the Tees and the vale of Cleveland, would expect to find, besides an Hotel, a Bazaar, an Omnibus, and a Circulating Library, as well as a due proportion of phaetons and donkeys? Yet so it is. Moreover, the Bazaar has its raffles, at which articles from Birmingham and Tonbridge are disposed of at prices four-times their original worth. The Hotel has its billiard-table. Lastly, the Circulating Library has its Bulwers and its Bury's. To the latter establishment (which I should have passed by, from having seen 'Grocery' inscribed over its door without reading further, had not my good landlady, who was watching me, set me right) I paid a visit, in hopes of there finding Mr. Walker's account of the Dinsdale waters. A very comely young person stepped in at the same time, and deposited an odd volume of a novel, stating that her mamma had sent it back, for she did not like it, and would call on the morrow for something better. I took up the single volume from the counter. It was the 'Disowned.' 'Bless me, Mr. Winter,' said I, 'how can you afford the newest publications to your subscribers in so thinly an inhabited colony?'

Lest these specimens should not suffice, we will add one extract more, which relates to a contention worthy of the author of the *Secchia Rapita*.

"The question was, who was to have the sole command of the well—the inhabitants or Thackwray? The judges proposed to split the difference. Thack-

wray was declared to be the owner, but was bound to erect a room over the well, with a pump in it, which however was not to be maintained at his expense. From 'noon till eve' the said pump-room was to be kept open for any body to use the water of the well, as they list, and both plaintiffs and defendants were at liberty to put a lock on the said pump, to prevent its being used out of season. Now mark the result of the quarrel. The plaintiffs, who gained the cause, had to disburse 1,352*l.* 7*s.* 3*d.*, for their victory, towards which sum the visitors, who, the lawyers contend, must feel the deepest interest in the cause, contributed the magnificent quota of 14*l.* 2*s.*! And the defendant, who secured the nominal ownership of the well, died (probably of broken heart) a few months after the assizes! And after all, what think my readers has become of the well, the pump-room, and the pump? Why, the latter has got so fast locked in rust, from never having been used at all by the visitors, or plaintiffs, that upon my trying to work it, in order that I might taste the water, I got a strain at my shoulder, and was grinned at by a gaping clown or two with red hair for my useless efforts—and thus almost all these pretended patriotic display generally end '*in fumo et caligine.*'"

We cannot but believe that Dr. Granville has studiously written down to the presumed level of the paying public. We are satisfied that any physician, had it been his purpose to write a professional work, even though addressed to the general public, would have produced one more creditable to himself, and more profitable to the reader, than the 'Spas of England.' Dr. Granville has apparently aimed right at the bull's eye of the prevailing mediocrities of the watering-place readers: and it may be satisfactory to him to generally end '*in fumo et caligine.*'

The Life of Beethoven; including his Correspondence with his Friends, numerous Characteristic Traits, and Remarks on his Musical Works. Edited by Ignace Moscheles, Esq. (Second Notice.)

We shall continue to speak of Beethoven as a man, for we are not in possession of data sufficiently precise and satisfactory, to judge him as an executive artist. His appearances, too, before the public, in that character, were not many, and closed at an early period, by the grievous malady which overtook him. As a creative artist, not only do his works offer, as we said last week, too wide a field; but our judgment of them has been already recorded. For during the last seven years, with the exception of the Mass in D major, and the cantata 'Der Glorreiche Augenblick,' which we recently recommended to the notice of the Philharmonic Directors, there is hardly a composition of any importance by Beethoven, which we have not had an opportunity of hearing in London. Alas! that, numerous as they are, and enriching as they do almost every style of composition, save the severely primitive ecclesiastical schools, they should still be so few!

To proceed, then, with the personal, not the professional, history of our subject—the year 1800, and the few succeeding ones, made up the brightest period of Beethoven's life. His works were appreciated by noble and discriminating friends, some of whom we referred to in our last notice. One, not mentioned there, must not be passed over, the Archduke Rudolph, bishop of Olmutz; and whose red cardinal's stockings (see the editor's pleasant note, vol. i. p. 235,) did not hinder their master's foot from familiarity with the pedal of the pianoforte. To this Prince, at a later period, Beethoven dedicated the magnificent trio in E flat, and the grand pianoforte concerto in E flat, two of his best works. During the early years of his Vienna residence, he was still able to hear his works—able to train the redoubtable Schuppanzigh quartett, and to keep his orchestra in order, without the rough words and extraordinary grimaces, superinduced

by the increased tour to Leipzig, cheering and cities than he was not apprehensive in his later days in the home circle of unworthy men, in the park of Riet, remained of this good. As early as

traces of the association. A severe illness, the necessity of debt, and the following his position

"You, my dear, in him, in my case, and to after my death, as possible as I declare before it can be fairly agreed, you have done for me, and been forgiven, particular, for my wish is exempt from virtue to you can give him. This is owing to the life by you. I thank all Professors and instruments to you; but let them be. How glad I am even in my death bed, had occasion to be will come, and I am a rival. But I am from a thou wilt, I and do not deserve the time I have. May you ever

He might tell about scenes like unfrequent.

"Ries said he had promised (Op. 31), and (Caspar) his affairs. The brother subject, B—, promises. Beethoven walking with between the in bows, be sent off same time under cover never heard good-natured, pranched, ceding day, and everything own future

by the increase of his calamity. A professional tour to Leipsic and Berlin, also gave him the cheering assurance that he was valued in other cities than the one of his adoption. If not rich, he was not as yet vexed by the almost frantic apprehensions of poverty that pursued him in his later days: if not blessed with cheerful home circle, he had not sacrificed himself to his unworthy relatives. An oak with two stems in the park of Schönbrunn, to the left of the Gloriett, remained, not long since, a silent memorial of this good time; for, seated among its branches, there he sketched 'The Mount of Olives' and 'Fidelio.'

As early, however, as 1802, we begin to find traces of the disturbance and misery consequent on association with his brothers, Carl and Johan. A severe illness suggested to Beethoven the necessity of drawing up a testamentary document; and the following passages show not merely the whole heart of the man, but also the trials of his position, which had begun to declare themselves:

"You, my brothers, Carl and —, as soon as I am dead, if Professor Schmidt be yet living, request him, in my name, to write a description of my disease, and to that description annex this paper, that after my death the world may, at least, be as much as possibly reconciled with me. At the same time, I declare both of you the heirs of the little property (if it can be so called) belonging to me. Divide it fairly—agree together, and help one another. What you have done to grieve me, that, you know, has long been forgiven. Thee, brother Carl, I thank in particular, for the affection thou hast shown me of late. My wish is that you may live more happily, more exempt from care, than I have done. Recommend virtue to your children; that alone—not wealth—can give happiness; I speak from experience. It was this that upheld me even in affliction; it is owing to this and to my art that I did not terminate my life by suicide. Farewell, and love one another. I thank all friends, especially Prince Lichnowsky and Professor Schmidt. I wish that Prince L.'s instruments may remain in the possession of one of you; but let no quarrel arise between you on account of them. In case, however, they can be more serviceable to you in another way, dispose of them. How glad I am to think that I may be of use to you even in my grave! So let it be done! I go to meet death with joy. If he comes before I have had occasion to develop all my professional abilities, he will come too soon for me, in spite of my hard fate, and I should wish that he had delayed his arrival. But even then I am content, for he will release me from a state of endless suffering. Come when thou wilt, I shall meet thee with firmness. Farewell, and do not quite forget me after I am dead; I have deserved that you should think of me, for in my lifetime I have often thought of you to make you happy. May you ever be so!"

He might well warn his brothers not to quarrel about the Lichnowsky instruments, when scenes like the following were matters of not unfrequent occurrence:—

"Ries says, in his *Notizen*, page 87, Beethoven had promised the three Sonatas for pianoforte solo (Op. 31), to Nägeli of Zürich, whilst his brother Carl (Caspar), who alas! always would interfere in his affairs, wanted to sell them to a Leipsic publisher. The brothers used to have frequent disputes on this subject, Beethoven being determined to keep his promise. At the time of sending off these Sonatas, Beethoven lived in Heiligenstadt. He was one day walking with his brother, when a new quarrel arose between them on this subject, which actually ended in blows. The next day he gave me the Sonatas to be sent off to Zürich without delay; he had at the same time written to his brother, and sent the letter under cover to Stephen Breuning for perusal. I never heard a lecture given more forcibly and more good-naturedly than that which Beethoven here preached to his brother, on his conduct of the preceding day. He began by showing it to him in its true and most despicable light—then forgave him everything—but warned him that if he valued his own future happiness, he must alter his life and con-

duct altogether. His letter to Breuning on this occasion was no less beautiful than the above mentioned."

What wonder that, with such relatives and counsellors, the outward man of one by nature impetuous, rugged, and unbending, should become *gnarled* with moroseness. We may here string together a few anecdotes which show the eccentricity of Beethoven:—

"The following was the cause of his breaking with Himmel. They had met one day, and Beethoven sat down to extemporise at Himmel's request, afterwards desiring him to do the same; Himmel was weak enough to consent, and, after having played for a considerable time, Beethoven exclaimed, 'Well, when are you going to begin in good earnest?' Himmel, who had thought wonders of his own performance, started up at these words, and both became rude to each other. Beethoven said to me, 'I thought Himmel had just been preluding.' They made it up, afterwards, and Himmel could forgive but not forget; they even carried on a correspondence for some little time, but at last Himmel played Beethoven a sad trick. The latter always wanted to have the last news from Berlin, which somewhat annoyed Himmel, who at length wrote to him—'The latest piece of news is the invention of a lantern for the blind.' Beethoven carried this piece of intelligence abroad, and all the world wished to know how this possibly might be. He immediately wrote to Himmel, and reproached him with not having sent a full explanation. The answer received, but which I cannot here impart, was such as finally closed their correspondence; all that was ludicrous in the letter fell to Beethoven's share, and yet he was so imprudent as to show it to several persons."

"He himself often joked about his almost illegible characters, and used to add, by way of excuse, 'Life is too short to paint letters or notes, and fairer notes would hardly rescue me from poverty' (punning upon the words *Noten* and *Nothen*). The whole of the morning, from the earliest dawn till dinner-time, was employed in the mechanical art of writing; the rest of the day was devoted to thought, and the arrangement of his ideas. Scarcely had the last morsel been swallowed, when, if he had no more distant excursion in view, he took his usual walk; that is to say, he ran in double-quick time, as if hunted by bailiffs, twice round the town. Whether it rained, or snowed, or hailed, or the thermometer stood an inch or two below the freezing point—whether Boreas blew a chilling blast from the Bohemian mountains, or whether the thunder roared and forked lightnings played,—what signified it to the enthusiastic lover of his art, in whose genial mind, perhaps, were budding, at the very moment when the elements were in fiercest conflict, the harmonious feelings of a balmy spring!"

"The most exquisite confusion reigned in his house; books and music were scattered in all directions; here the residue of a cold luncheon—there some full, some half-emptied bottles; on the desk the hasty sketch of a new quartett; in another corner the remains of breakfast: on the pianoforte the scribbled hints for a noble Symphony, yet little more than in embryo; hard by, a proof-sheet, waiting to be returned; letters from friends, and on business, spread all over the floor; between the windows a goodly Stracchino cheese, and on one side of it ample vestiges of a genuine Verona salai; and, notwithstanding all this confusion, he constantly eulogised, with Ciceronian eloquence, his own neatness and love of order! When, however, for whole hours, days, and often weeks, something mislaid was looked for and all search had proved fruitless, then he changed his tone, and bitterly complained that everything was done to annoy him."

After these should be read the fathery and affectionate letters to his misconducted nephew.

The business of daily life, perplexed by his disorderly habits, conspired with his domestic circumstances, to torment him. He was always changing his lodgings, and chose to live as much as possible in houses beyond the earshot of neighbours, believing—possibly at the instance of his evil counsellors—that his musical ideas were pilfered. One of his friends, the Baron Pasqualati, kept, for a time, a suite of apart-

ments open, in which, when driven from his last-chosen place of sojourn, by sudden tumults, Beethoven could always take refuge. As years advanced, matters became worse and worse. His old friends died, or were gradually distanced by singularities and bursts of passion, which no regard could tolerate. A melancholy fragment, from a diary kept during the years 1819-20, makes the heart ache, by its entries of household discomfort. It might have been hoped, that the death of one of his brothers, by relieving him, in part from the *incubus* which pressed him down, would have done something to restore Beethoven to society. But alas! it only led to the last trial—to the composer's adoption of an ill-conducted nephew, and the necessity of litigation with a sister-in-law. By this time, too, his deafness had become all but impenetrable; and the rest of the chronicle before us tells of a state little better

—than beggary, old age, and pain.

His music was slighted in his own city of Vienna, where Rossini was now arch enchanter. Honours fell from crowned heads on every musician more freely than on himself,—and to a German artist this is no slight grievance. His bodily health became infirm—his adopted son tormented him by misconduct—his surviving brother Johan refused help from his abundance, even when he lay dying! The following anecdotes are almost too painful to be cited:—

"On the 2nd of December, 1826, Beethoven, with his nephew, returned sick to Vienna; but it was not till several days afterwards that I heard of his situation, or even of his arrival. I hastened to him, and, among other details, which shocked me much, learned that he had often in vain entreated his two former physicians, Drs. Braunhofer and Staudenheim, to undertake his case; the first declining to do so, because the distance was too great for him to come; and the second, indeed, promising to come, but not keeping his word. A physician was sent to his house, he did not know how, or by whom, and who, consequently, knew nothing of him or his constitution. When, however, this physician (the excellent Dr. Wawruch, clinical professor,) visited Beethoven's sick bed, I heard from his own mouth how it happened, and it affords an additional proof that this man, belonging to the world and to posterity, was abandoned by his nearest relations, who had so much cause to be grateful to him: not merely abandoned indeed, but betrayed and sold. Professor Wawruch related to me that he had been sent to Beethoven by the marker at a billiard-table at a coffee-house, who, being, on account of illness, brought to the hospital, had mentioned that some days before the nephew of Beethoven had come to the coffee-house, where he played at billiards, and commissioned him, the marker, to find a physician for his sick uncle; but, being extremely unwell at the time, he had not been able to do so, and therefore begged the Professor to visit Beethoven, which, entertaining the highest respect for the artist, he had immediately done, and had on his arrival still found him without medical attendance. It was necessary then for the marker at a billiard table to fall sick and be taken to the hospital, before the great Beethoven could obtain help in time of need."

"Sick and harassed, Beethoven found himself obliged either to make use of the only property he possessed, consisting of a few bank shares, or to apply to his brother for assistance. This brother one day, in the presence of M. von Breuning and myself, declined letting Beethoven have any of his hay, when two physicians had prescribed for him a hay vapour-bath; alleging as an excuse that *his* hay was not good enough. Yet this 'unbrotherly brother,' as Beethoven called him, rich as he was, wished to share in the little that the composer possessed."

We must henceforth admit that Crabbe has not libelled nature in his tale 'The Brothers.' The aid of 100*l.* sent to the dying poet (for surely Beethoven was such) by the Philharmonic Society, is too well known in England to require our alluding to the minute details given here of the manner in which it was administered.

A glimpse of sunshine seems to fall upon the closing scenes of neglect and anxiety and bodily suffering, in the simple fact that Beethoven was nursed in his last illness by little Gerhard von Breuning, the son of his Bonn comrade. Seven days before his death, on the 24th of March, 1837, he was conscious of his approaching end, for he said to those who waited upon him, "*Plaudite, amici, Comedia finita est!*" He expired, "aged fifty-six years three months and nine days"—his eyes closed by a stranger, M. Anselm Hüttenbrenner. The Viennese gave him a pompous funeral. Anschütz, the tragedian, recited a poem over his grave: Hummel dropped laurel wreaths on his coffin: and masses were sung for his soul's repose, with all the pomp that the Catholic form of worship can gather from the Art he had adored so nobly.

The picture seems wholly dark, as we have presented it. Yet it was unfair thus to consider it: since, while summing up the neglect, the infirmity, the ingratitude from without, the unbridled passions within, all of which tended to make the life of the world's most poetical musician a long-drawn tragedy, we have purposely confined ourselves to the man, leaving his works untouched. The redeeming light is there! When Beethoven said, "I have no friends—I must live all to myself—yet I know that God is nearer to me than to my brothers in the Art!" he may, possibly, for the one only time in his life, have given utterance to that sentiment within the mind of Genius, which supports it, be the path ever so steep,—which shelters it, be the storm ever so heavy: he may possibly even for that only moment, have been clearly conscious of such a support and shelter. But no man who is true to his own genius is ever wholly abandoned to agony and unmitigated care. We firmly believe that strength, as well as sorrow, abides in gifts like Beethoven's: a joy with which no stranger can intermeddle, an assurance not to be stolen from the heart. The noble musical creations of his latter days are, to us, a proof that his soul was not altogether as dark in its inmost cell, as those who delight to bewail the hard lot of the gifted would have us believe. "*Ostents of Heaven*" (as Charles Lamb has fantastically phrased it) must surround the Poet, in the hour of his labour, even though its scene be a dungeon, and its result, neglect or misapprehension. "Nor do I fear for my works," said Beethoven, in the noble burst of self-confidence to which we have already alluded, "no evil can befall them; and whosoever shall understand them shall be freed from all such misery as burdens mankind."

Two Years before the Mast. Moxon.

(Second Notice.)

Our object in this notice is merely to collect such passages as tend to throw a light on the veritable life of a sailor. We proceed, therefore, without comment, to the Narrative.

At San Diego, one watch had liberty to go ashore. This was decided by lot, and it fell to the larboard, in which was young Dana:—

Instantly all was preparation. Buckets of fresh water, (which we were allowed in port,) and soap, we're put in use; go-ashore jackets and trousers got out and brushed; pumps, neckerchiefs, and hats overhauled; one lending to another; so that among the whole each one got a good fit-out. A boat was called to pull the 'liberty-men' ashore, and we sat down in the stern-sheets, 'as big as pay-passengers,' and jumping ashore, set out on our walk for the town, which was nearly three miles off. * * I shall never forget the delightful sensation of being in the open air, with the birds singing around me, and escaped from the confinement, labour, and strict rule of a vessel—of being once more in my life, though only for a day, my own master. A sailor's liberty is but for a day; yet while it lasts it is perfect. He is under no one's eye, and can do whatever, and go wherever, he pleases. This day, for the first time,

I may truly say, in my whole life, I felt the meaning of a term which I had often heard—the sweets of liberty. My friend S— was with me; and turning our backs upon the vessels, we walked slowly along, talking of the pleasure of being our own masters, of the times past, when we were free and in midst of friends, in America, and of the prospect of our return; and planning where we would go, and what we would do, when we reached home. It was wonderful how the prospect brightened, and how short and tolerable the voyage appeared, when viewed in this new light. Things looked differently from what they did when we talked them over in the little dark forecastle, the night after the flogging at San Pedro. It is not the least of the advantages of allowing sailors occasionally a day of liberty, that it gives them a spring, and makes them feel cheerful and independent, and leads them insensibly to look on the bright side of everything for some time after."

They now began to collect hides for the homeward voyage. These had to be brought in from all parts of the coast, and deposited at San Diego, the general depot of the trade, where they are pickled, dried, and cleaned—a filthy duty, to which Dana was appointed:—

"We found the little harbour deserted. The Lagoda, Ayacucho, Lorioote, and all, had left the coast, and we were nearly alone. All the hide-houses on the beach but ours were shut up; and the Sandwich Islanders, a dozen or twenty in number, who had worked for the other vessels and been paid off when they sailed, were living on the beach, keeping up a grand carnival. A Russian discovery-ship, which had been in this port a few years before, had built a large oven for baking bread, and went away, leaving it standing. This the Sandwich Islanders took possession of, and had kept ever since undisturbed. It was big enough to hold six or eight men—that is, it was as large as a ship's forecastle, had a door at the side, and a vent-hole at top. They covered it with Oahu mats, for a carpet; stopped up the vent-hole in bad weather, and made it their head-quarters. It was now inhabited by as many as a dozen or twenty men, who lived there in complete idleness—drinking, playing cards, and carousing in every way. They bought a bullock once a week, which kept them in meat, and one of them went up to the town every day to get fruit, liquor, and provisions. Besides this, they had bought a cask of ship-bread and a barrel of flour from the Lagoda, before she sailed. There they lived, having a grand time, and caring for nobody. Captain T— was anxious to get three or four of them to come on board the Pilgrim, as we were so much diminished in numbers, and went up to the oven, and spent an hour or two trying to negotiate with them. One of them, a finely-built, active, strong and intelligent fellow, who was a sort of king among them, acted as spokesman. He was called Mannini, or rather, out of compliment to his known importance and influence, *Mr. Mannini*—and was known all over California. Through him the captain offered them fifteen dollars a month, and one month's pay in advance; but it was like throwing pearls before swine, or, rather, carrying coals to Newcastle. So long as they had money, they would not work for fifty dollars a month; and when their money was gone they would work for ten."

Mr. Dana was for four months daily associated with these islanders, and gives them an excellent character:—

"They were the most interesting, intelligent, and kind-hearted people that I ever fell in with. I felt a positive attachment for almost all of them; and many of them I have, to this time, a feeling for, which would lead me to go a great way for the mere pleasure of seeing them, and which will always make me feel a strong interest in the mere name of a Sandwich Islander. Tom Davis knew how to read, write, and cipher in common arithmetic; had been to the United States; and spoke English quite well. His education was as good as that of three-quarters of the Yankees in California, and his manners and principles a good deal better; and he was so quick of apprehension that he might have been taught navigation, and the elements of many of the sciences, with the most perfect ease. * *

"My favourite among all of them, and one who

was liked by both officers and men, and by whom ever he had anything to do with, was Hope. He was an intelligent, kind-hearted little fellow, and I never saw him angry, though I knew him for more than a year, and have seen him imposed upon by white people, and abused by insolent officers of vessels. He was always civil, and always ready, and never forgot a benefit. I once took care of him when he was ill, getting medicines from the ship's chest, when no captain or officer would do anything for him; and he never forgot it. Every Kanaka has one particular friend, whom he considers himself bound to do everything for, and with whom he has a sort of contract,—an alliance offensive and defensive,—and for whom he will often make the greatest sacrifices. This friend they call *akiane*; and for such did Hope adopt me. I do not believe I could have wanted anything which he had, that he would not have given me."

After many months spent in hide-curing, young Dana grew heartily weary of it, and when the *Alert* put into St. Diego, he exchanged with another sailor, and again put to sea. The *Alert* was a great improvement on the *Pilgrim*; a better ship and with better officers. At Santa Barbara Mr. Dana, and some of the other sailors, were at the wedding feast of the agent. It was a grand affair: the ship's steward was on shore for three days making the pastry:—

"At ten o'clock the bride went up with her sister to the confessional, dressed in deep black. Nearly an hour intervened, when the great doors of the mission-church opened, the bells rang out a loud, discordant peal, the private signal for us was run up by the captain ashore, the bride, dressed in complete white, came out of the church with the bridegroom, followed by a long procession. Just as she stepped from the church-door, a small white cloud issued from the bows of our ship, which was full in sight, the loud report echoed among the surrounding hills and over the bay, and instantly the ship was dressed in flags and pennants from stem to stern. * *

"After supper, the gig's crew were called, and we rowed ashore, dressed in our uniform, beached the boat, and went up to the fandango. The bride's father's house was the principal one in the place, with a large court in front, upon which a tent was built, capable of containing several hundred people. As we drew near we heard the accustomed sound of violins and guitars, and saw a great motion of the people within. Going in, we found nearly all the people of town—men, women, and children—collected and crowded together, leaving barely room for the dancers; for on these occasions no invitations are given, but every one is expected to come, though there is always a private entertainment within the house for particular friends. * * In the dancing I was much disappointed. * * I found the Californian fandango, on the part of the women, at least, a lifeless affair. The men did better. A great deal was said about our friend Don Juan Bandini; and when he did appear, which was toward the close of the evening, he certainly gave us the most graceful dancing that I had ever seen. He was dressed in white pantaloons, neatly made, a short jacket of dark silk, gaily figured, white stockings and thin morocco slippers upon his very small feet. His slight and graceful figure was well calculated for dancing, and he moved about with the grace and daintiness of a young fawn. An occasional touch of the toe to the ground seemed all that was necessary to give him a long interval of motion in the air. At the same time he was not fantastic or flourishing, but appeared to be rather repressing a strong tendency to motion."

* * The great amusement of the evening—which I suppose was owing to its being carnival—was the breaking of eggs filled with cologne, or other essences, upon the heads of the company. One end of the egg is broken and the inside taken out, then it is partly filled with cologne, and the whole sealed up. The women bring a great number of these secretly about them, and the amusement is, to break one upon the head of a gentleman when his back is turned. He is bound in gallantry to find out the lady, and return the compliment, though it must not be done if the person sees you. A tall, stately don, with immense grey whiskers, and a look of great importance, was standing before me, when I

felt a light hit saw Donna had been up Alert), with gently aside the other, being behind me don turned and going out from vain for some laughing eyes was his niece Don Dominic many such sharp manner of the young plait a general custom I was a pretty young would appear country—Es behind her, head, letting back among with the hat forth a gene oblige of some of the placed, threathrough end, and he owner stepped soon began to be afterwa off to become evening, and was thrown on man was oblaugh. Much by gentlemen on permitting This obliged in a vent at the owner, the crew age home:— "As soon amy, and ear ourselves on from a beamay, some jackets, &c. who could not clothes, laid together for the which we n giving them for Cape Hauolin hat, upon, and in underclothing to southwest crew made lined on the return of the suors. As south, the colder, the angry, and them of whow made qd the ice islaerately ill no short-han "A const these pieces were large ship, and the no boat (eve lived in a bodition still v other sundow

feit a light hand on my shoulder, and turning round, saw Donna Angustia (whom we all knew, as she had been up to Monterey, and down again, in the Alert), with her finger upon her lip, motioning me gently aside. I stepped back a little, when she went up behind the don, and with one hand knocked off his huge *sombro*, and at the same instant, with the other, broke the egg upon his head, and springing behind me, was out of sight in a moment. The don turned slowly round, the cologne running down his face and over his clothes, and a loud laugh breaking out from every quarter. He looked round in vain for some time, until the direction of so many laughing eyes showed him the fair offender. She was his niece, and a great favourite with him, so old Don Domingo had to join in the laugh. A greater many such tricks were played, and many a war of sharp manoeuvring was carried on between couples of the younger people ; and at every successful exploit a general laugh was raised. Another singular custom I was for some time at a loss about. A pretty young girl was dancing, named—after what would appear to us the sacrilegious custom of the country—Espirito Santo, when a young man went behind her, and placed his hat directly upon her head, letting it fall down over her eyes, and sprang back among the crowd. She danced for some time with the hat on, when she threw it off, which called forth a general shout ; and the young man was obliged to go out upon the floor, and pick it up. Some of the ladies upon whose heads hats had been placed, threw them off at once, and a few kept them on throughout the dance, and took them off at the end, and held them out in their hands, when the owner stepped out, bowed, and took it from them. I soon began to suspect the meaning of the thing, and was afterwards told that it was a compliment, and an offer to become the lady's gallant for the rest of the evening, and to wait upon her home. If the hat was thrown off, the offer was refused, and the gentleman was obliged to pick up his hat amid a general laugh. Much amusement was caused sometimes by gentlemen putting hats on the ladies' heads, without permitting them to see whom it was done by. This obliged them to throw them off, or keep them on at a venture ; and when they came to discover the owner, the laugh was often turned upon them."

The crew now began to prepare for the voyage home:—

"As soon as supper was over and the kids cleared away, and each one had taken his smoke, we seated ourselves on our chests round the lamp, which swung from a beam, and each one went to work in his own way, some making hats, others trousers, others jackets, &c. &c. &c.; and no one was idle. The boys who could not sew well enough to make their own clothes, laid up grass into sennit for the men, who sewed for them in return. Several of us clubbed together and bought a large piece of twilled cotton, which we made into trousers, and jackets, and giving them several coats of linseed oil, laid them by for Cape Horn. I also sewed and covered a tarpaulin hat, thick and strong enough to sit down upon, and made myself a complete suit of flannel under-clothing, for bad weather. Those who had no southwester caps, made them, and several of them now made themselves tarpaulin jackets and trousers, lined on the inside with flannel."

The return voyage round Cape Horn reminds us of the sufferings and perils of the old navigation. As they sailed southward and further south, the days became shorter, the weather colder, the sky began to look cheerless and angry, and a long heavy head sea forewarned them of what they had to expect. The ship now made quick work of it, and soon got among the ice islands. At this time, Dana was des-

"A constant look-out was necessary; for any of these pieces of ice coming with the heave of the sea, were large enough to have knocked a hole in the ship, and that would have been the end of us; for to boat (even if we could have got one out) could have lived in such a sea; and no man could have lived in a boat in such weather. To make our condition still worse, the wind came out due east, with other sundown, and it blew a gale dead ahead, with

hail and sleet, and a thick fog, so that we could not see half the length of the ship. Our chief reliance, the prevailing westerly gales, was thus cut off; and here we were, nearly seven hundred miles to the westward of the Cape, with a gale dead from the eastward, and the weather so thick that we could not see the ice with which we were surrounded, until it was directly under our bows. At four, P.M. (it was then quite dark), all hands were called, and sent aloft in a violent squall of hail and rain to take in sail. We had now all got on our 'Cape Horn rig'—thick boots, south-westers, coming down over our necks and ears, thick trousers and jackets, and some with oil-cloth suits over all. Mittens, too, we wore on deck, but it would not do to go aloft with them on, for it was impossible to work with them, and, being wet and stiff, they might let a man slip overboard, for all the hold he could get upon a rope; so we were obliged to work with bare hands, which, as well as our faces, were often cut with the hail-stones, which fell thick and large. Our ship was now all cased with ice—hull, spars, and standing rigging—and the running rigging so stiff that we could hardly bend it so as to belay it, or, still less, take a knot with it; and the sails nearly as stiff as sheet iron. *

"Eight hours of the night our watch was on deck; and during the whole of that time we kept a bright look-out—one man on each bow, another in the bunt of the fore-yard, the third mate on the scuttle, one on each quarter, and a man always standing by the wheel. The chief mate was everywhere, and commanded the ship when the captain was below. ***

"In the meantime, the wet and cold had brought my face into such a state, that I could neither eat nor sleep; and though I stood it out all night, yet when it became light I was in such a state, that all hands told me I must go below, and lie-by for a day or two, or I should be laid up for a long time, and perhaps have the lock-jaw. When the watch was changed, I went into the steerage, and took off my hat and comforter, and showed my face to the mate, who told me to go below at once, and stay in my berth until the swelling went down, and gave the cook orders to make a poultice for me, and said he would speak to the captain. I went below and turned-in, covering myself over with blankets and jackets, and lay in my berth nearly twenty-four hours, half-asleep and half-awake, stupid from the dull pain. I heard the watch called, and the men

and pain. I heard the watch called, and the men going up and down, and sometimes a noise on deck, and a cry of 'Ice !' but I gave little attention to anything. At the end of twenty-four hours the pain went down, and I had a long sleep, which brought me back to my proper state ; yet oblige to my birth for two or three days longer. During the two days I had been below, the weather was much the same that it had been—head-winds, and snow, and rain ; or, if the wind came fair, too foggy, and the ice too thick, to run. At the end of the third day the ice was very thick ; a complete fog-bank covered the ship. It blew a tremendous gale from the eastward, with sleet and snow, and there was every promise of a dangerous and fatiguing night. At dark, the captain called all hands aft, and told them that not a man was to leave the deck that night, that the ship was in the greatest danger ; any cake of ice might knock a hole in her, or she might run on an island, and go to pieces. No one could tell whether she would be a ship the next morning. The look-outs were then set, and every man was put in his station. When I heard what was the state of things, I began to put on my clothes to stand it out with the rest of them, when the mate came below and looking at my face, ordered me back to my berth, saying, that if we went down, we should all go down together, but if I went on deck I might lay myself up for life. * *

"I never felt the curse of sickness so keenly in my life. If I could only have been on deck with the rest, where something was to be done, and seen and heard—where there were fellow-beings for companions in duty and danger; but to be cooped up alone in a black hole, in equal danger, but without the power to do, was the hardest trial. Several times in the course of the night I got up, determined to go on deck; but the silence, which showed that there was nothing doing, and the knowledge that I might make myself seriously ill for nothing, kept me

back. It was not easy to sleep, lying, as I did, with my head directly against the bows, which might be dashed in by an island of ice, brought down by the very next sea that struck her. This was the only time I had been ill since I left Boston, and it was the worst time it could have happened. I felt almost willing to bear the plagues of Egypt for the rest of the voyage, if I could but be well and strong for that one night. Yet it was a dreadful night for those on deck. A watch of eighteen hours, with wet, cold, and constant anxiety, nearly wore them out; and when they came below at nine o'clock for breakfast, they almost dropped asleep on their chests; and some of them were so stiff that they could with difficulty sit down. * *

"To be sick in a forecastle is miserable indeed. It is the worst part of a dog's life; especially in bad weather. The forecastle, shut up tight to keep out the water and cold air—the watch either on deck, or asleep in their berths—no one to speak to—the pale light of the single lamp, swinging to and fro from the beam, so dim that one can scarcely see, much less read by it—the water dropping from the beams and carlines, and running down the sides—and the forecastle so wet, and dark, and cheerless, and so lumbered up with chests and wet clothes, that sitting up is worse than lying in the berth! These are some of the evils. Fortunately, I needed no help from any one, and no medicine; and if I had needed help, I don't know where I should have found it.—Our merchant ships are always under-manned, and if one man is lost by sickness, they cannot spare another to

take care of him."

The weather was dreadful—always rain, hail, or snow,—and the patience of the crew began to wear out. The men were indeed of opinion that the captain was fairly cowed, and afraid to make sail. The *Alert*, too, was a temperance vessel, and, like too many such ships, Mr. Dana observes, the temperance was all in the forecastle:—

"The captain was on deck nearly the whole night, and kept the cook in the galley, with a roaring fire, to make coffee for him, which he took every few hours, and once or twice gave a little to his officers, but not a drop of anything was there for the crew. The captain, who sleeps all the daytime, and comes and goes at night as he chooses, can have his brandy-and-water in the cabin, and his hot coffee at the galley; while Jack, who has to stand through everything, and work in wet and cold, can have nothing to wet his lips or warm his stomach.—The sailor, who only takes his one glass, as it is dealt out to him, is in danger of being drunk; while the captain, who has all under his hand, and can drink as much as he chooses, and upon whose self-possession and cool judgment the lives of all depend, may be trusted with any amount, to drink at his will. Sailors will never be convinced that rum is a dangerous thing, by taking it away from them, and giving it to the officers; nor that that temperance is their friend, which takes from them what they have always had, and gives them nothing in the place of it. By seeing it allowed to their officers, they will not be convinced that it is taken from them for their good; and, by receiving nothing in its place, they will not believe that it is done in kindness. On the contrary, many of them look upon the change as a new instrument of tyranny. Not that they prefer rum. I never knew a sailor in my life, who would not prefer a pot of hot coffee or chocolate, in a cold night, to all the rum afloat. They all say, that rum only warms them for a time; yet if they can get nothing better, they will miss what they have lost. The momentary warmth and glow from drinking it; the break and change which is made in a long, dreary watch by the mere calling all hands aft and serving it out; and the simply having some event to look forward to, and to talk about, give it an importance and a use which no one can appreciate who has not stood his watch before the mast. * * The temperance reform is the best thing that ever was undertaken for the sailor; but when the grog is taken from him he ought to have something in its place. As it is now in most vessels, it is a mere saving to the owners; and this accounts for the sudden increase of temperance ships, which surprises even the best friends of the cause. If every merchant, when he

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struck grog from the list of the expenses of his ship, had been obliged to substitute as much coffee or chocolate as would give each man a pot-full when he came off the top-sail yard on a stormy night, I fear Jack might have gone to ruin on the old road."

At length, the captain resolved to steer northwards, and run for the Straits of Magellan—but it would not do. The wind shifted, not unfavourably however for rounding the Cape, and another struggle was made in that direction, with good hopes of success; but just at the point when they had passed the latitude, it fell dead calm:—

"For eight days we lay drifting about in this manner. Sometimes—generally towards noon—it fell calm; once or twice a round copper ball showed itself for a few moments in the place where the sun ought to have been; and a puff or two came from the westward, giving some hope that a fair wind had come at last. During the first two days we made sail for these puffs, shaking the reefs out of the top-sails, and boarding the tacks of the courses; but finding that it only made work for us when the gale set in again, it was soon given up, and we lay to under our close-reefs. * * One night, after one of these shifts of the wind, and when all hands had been up a great part of the time, our watch was left on deck, with the main-sail hanging in the buntlines, ready to be set, if necessary. It came on to blow worse and worse, with hail and snow beating like so many furies upon the ship, it being as dark and thick as night could make it. The main-sail was blowing and slatting with a noise like thunder, when the captain came on deck, and ordered it to be furled. The mate was about to call all hands, when the captain stopped him, and said that the men would be beaten out, if they were called up so often; that as our watch must stay on deck, it might as well be doing that as anything else. Accordingly we went upon the yard; and never shall I forget that piece of work. * * The oldest sailor in the watch said, as he went down, 'I shall never forget that main-yard; it beats all my going a-fishing. Fun is fun; but furling one yard-arm of a course, at a time, off Cape Horn, is no better than man-killing.'"

At length they had a bright gleam of sunshine, the first for many weeks, and they soon after got sight of land, Staten Island. As a strong south-wester now set in, the Captain resolved to run inside the Falkland Islands:—

"In a moment news ran through the ship that the captain was keeping her off, with her nose straight for Boston, and Cape Horn over her taffrail. It was a moment of enthusiasm. Every one was on the alert; and even the two sick men turned out to lend a hand at the halyards. The wind was now due south-west, and blowing a gale to which a vessel close-hauled could have shown no more than a single close-reefed sail; but as we were going before it, we could carry on. Accordingly, hands were sent aloft, and a reef shaken out of the top-sails, and the reefed foresail set. When we came to mast-head the top-sail yards, with all hands at the halyards, we struck up 'Cheerily men,' with a chorus which might have been heard half-way to Staten Land. Under her increased sail, the ship drove on through the water. Yet she could bear it well; and the captain sung out from the quarter-deck—'Another reef out of that fore top-sail, and give it to her!' Two hands sprang aloft; the frozen reef-points and earings were cast adrift, the halyards manned, and the sail gave out her increased canvas to the gale. All hands were kept on deck to watch the effect of the change. It was as much as she could well carry, and with a heavy sea astern, it took two men at the wheel to steer her. She flung the foam from her bows; the spray breaking aft as far as the gangway. She was going at a prodigious rate. Still everything held. Preventer braces were reeved and hauled taught; tackles got upon the backstays; and each thing done to keep all snug and strong. The captain walked the deck at a rapid stride, looked aloft at the sails, and then to the windward; the mate stood in the gangway rubbing his hands, and talking aloud to the ship—'Hurrah, old bucket! The Boston girls have got hold of the tow-rope!' and the like; and we were on the forecastle, looking to see how the spars

stood it, and guessing the rate at which she was going, when the captain called out—'Mr. Brown, get up the top-mast studding-sail! what she can't carry she may drag!' The mate looked a moment; but he would let no one be before him in daring. He sprang forward—'Hurrah men! rig out the top-mast studding-sail boom! lay aloft, and I'll send the rigging up to you!' We sprang aloft into the top; lowered a girt-line down, by which we hauled up the rigging; rove the tacks and halyards; ran out the booms and lashed it fast; and sent down the lower booms as a preventer. It was a clear starlight night, cold and blowing; but everybody worked with a will. Some, indeed, looked as though they thought the 'old man'

was mad, but no one said a word. We had had a new top-mast studding-sail made with a reef in it—a thing hardly ever heard of, and which the sailors had ridiculed a good deal, saying that when it was time to reef the studding-sail, it was time to take it in. * * Waiting for a good opportunity, the halyards were manned and the yard hoisted fairly up to the block; but when the mate came to shake the catspaw out of the downhaul, and we began to boom-end the sail, it shook the ship to her centre. The boom buckled up and bent like a whip-stick, and we looked every moment to see something go; but, being of the short, tough upland spruce, it bent like whalebone, and nothing could break it. The carpenter said it was the best stick he had ever seen. The strength of all hands soon brought the tack to the boom-end, and the sheet was trimmed down, and the preventer and the weather-brace hauled taught to take off the strain. Every rope-yarn seemed stretched to the utmost, and every thread of canvas; and with this sail added to her, the ship sprang through the water like a thing possessed. The sail being nearly all forward, it lifted her out of the water, and she seemed actually to jump from sea to sea. From the time her keel was laid, she had never been so driven; and had it been life or death with every one of us, she could not have borne another stitch of canvas. * * The mate walked the deck, looking at the sails, and then over the side to see the foam fly by her—slapping his hands upon his thighs and talking to the ship—‘Hurrah, you jade, you’ve got the scent!—you know where you’re going!’ And when she leaped over the seas, and almost out of the water, and trembled to her very keel, the spars and mast snapping and creaking,—‘There she goes!—There she goes—handsomely!—As long as she cracks she holds!—while we stood with the rigging laid down fair for letting go, and ready to take in sail and clear away, if anything went,

* * The gale increased, but no attempt was made to take the studding-sail in; and, indeed, it was too late now. If we had started anything towards taking it in, either tack or halyards, it would have blown to pieces, and carried something away with it. The only way now was to let everything stand, and if the gale went down, well and good; if not, something must go—the weakest stick or rope first—and then we could get it in. For more than an hour she was driven on at such a rate that she seemed actually to crowd the sea into a heap before her; and the water poured over the sprit-sail yard as it would over a dam. Toward daybreak the gale abated a little, and she was just beginning to go more easily along, relieved of the pressure, when Mr. Brown determined to give her no respite, and depending upon the wind's subsiding as the sun rose, told us to get along the lower studding-sail. This was an immense sail, and held wind enough to last a Dutchman a week—however. It was soon ready, the boom topped up, preventer guys rove, and the idlers called up to man the halyards; yet such was still the force of the gale, that we were nearly an hour setting the sail; and carried away theouthaul in doing it, and came very near snapping off the swinging boom. No sooner was it set, than the ship tore on again like one that was mad, and began to steer as wild as a hawk. The men at the wheel were puffing and blowing at their work, and the helm was going hard up and hard down, constantly. Add to this, the gale did not lessen as the day came on, but the sun rose in clouds. A sudden lurch threw the man from the weather wheel across the deck and against the side. The mate sprang to the wheel, and the man regaining his feet, seized the spokes, and they hove the wheel up just in time to save her from broaching to, though nearly half the studding-sail went under water; and as she came to,

the boom stood up at an angle of forty-five degrees. She had evidently more on her than she could bear; yet it was in vain to try to take it in—the clewline was not strong enough; and they were thinking of cutting away, when another wide yawl and a come-to snapped the guys, and the swinging boom came in with a crash against the lower rigging. The outboard block gave way, and the top-mast studding-sail boom bent in a manner which I never before supposed a stick could bend. I had my eye on it when the guys parted, and it made one spring and buckled up so as to form nearly a half circle, and sprung out again to its shape."

The whole description of this run before the wind, is written in a masterly style—Cooper has rarely excelled it: the ship itself seems like a thing of life, rejoicing in her escape. In nine days she was in lat. $36^{\circ} 41' S.$, long. $38^{\circ} 08' W.$, having run, allowing for changes of course, 2000 miles! With the ordinary incidents of a voyage they reached home, and we have therefore only to recommend the work to those who desire to have a clear idea of life in the forecastle.

Portraits of the Children of the Mobility; drawn from Nature, by J. Leech. With Memoirs and Characteristic Sketches, by the Author of 'The Comic English Grammar.' Bentley.

By way of vignette, we have the Arms of the Mobility, for which we are indebted to the research of Mr. Leech—for they are not to be found, we believe, in the records of the College, and were not known to Garter, Clarenceaux, or Norroy, or even to York, the Registrar, all-accomplished and all-informed though he be in matters relating to the gentle science. The quarterings (we know not how to blazon so ragged a coat) are the "shocking bad hat," so fashionable on Saffron Hill,—the pot and the pipes, magnificently paraded over many hospitable mansions in the neighbourhood of Smithfield,—the clenched fist of the new Court of Honour, where Cribb and Belasco, and "the brave young Bendigo," stand for Sir Guy, Sir Launcelot, and Sir Percival!—and the ass overladen with his paniers, or, to speak by the card, a Neddy sable, passant, brayant, paniered proper, cabbaged and carotted gules, type of the resolution and patience of untrained pauperism! — for crest, a bulldog's head, guardant proper, issuant out of a butcher's tray. This device, which has a touch of Hogarthian cleverness, and the title above it, may spare us the labour of characterizing the thin quarto at the head and front of which they appear. That it is clever, there is no denying; and the frontispiece, which is a quiet scene from life, deserves great praise; but we cannot consider the work, as a whole, as first-rate. There is a touch of grimace and caricature in the figures the artist meant should be comic, which destroys our faith in them, as entirely as the Chalon-jams of velvet and point lace prevent us from taking heartily to their proud cousins, the little Lord Johns and Lady Janes, to mock or to lesson whom they are here drawn out, in the unsophisticated array of rags and nakedness.

From the letter-press, we shall steal a passage or two. This, too, just falls short of expectation as the following caustic scraps, we think, will prove. The tenderness which is, doubtless, at the bottom of the writer's heart, and is so eminently called for, to harmonize the display of hunger, and cold, and privation which his task enjoins, has hardly sufficient play in his pages. Let any one who thinks our cavil over-exquisite, turn to one of Hood's kennel-lyrics or blind-alley romances, and he will there find what the Author of the Comic Latin Grammar wants—the softening tints, as well as the sharp lines. Now let Mr. Leech's Collaborator speak:—

"The Mobility are a variety of the human race, otherwise designated, in polite society, as 'The

Lower Orders," "The Inferior Classes," "The Rabble," "The Populace," "The Vulgar," or "The Common People." Among political philosophers, and propagators of "Useful Knowledge," they are known as "The People," "The Many," "The Masses," "The Millions." By persons of less refinement, they are termed "The Riff-raff," and "The Tag-rag-and-bobtail!" * * The property most common to all the Mobility is poverty; that is to say, no property at all. It is not usual to describe them as a respectable body, but they are an influential one, and their influence has, of late years, been much augmented. Perhaps, also, as they constitute the operative part of the community, and its physical force, they may be regarded as being, in a national point of view, of some little importance: but all who have any pretensions to delicacy look upon them as disagreeable persons. Those of them who are, so to speak, at large, inhabit the huts and hovels of our villages, and the fearful dens in the less known and more unpleasant regions of our towns and cities. Here they are chiefly to be found, according to medical men and other adventurous travellers, in places analogous to those in which our wine is kept, and where our menials repose, the garrets and cellars. Many thousands of them are contained in ships and barracks, and also in penitentiaries, prisons, workhouses, and other places of punishment for indigence and dishonesty. * * Whereas the Nobility, without exception, have coats of arms, the Mobility, with some few exceptions, have none; and the arms of their coats are often out at elbows. * * There is one dreadful omission in point of dress of which the Mobility are universally guilty, that of going about the streets with their hands naked; an enormity which we hope will soon be put a stop to by law. * * We are inclined to consider these people as a sort of step-children of Nature, who now and then indulges herself in a little jocosity at their expense, for the diversion of the better orders. She gives them funny legs and great hands and feet, she twists their lips about, and makes their eyes converge, with a whimsical look towards the nose, and the latter she turns up in a manner quite ludicrous. In short, to venture a bold expression, she *snubs* them. We beg, however, to observe, that the Nature who is a *step-mother*, is what is said to be a *second* Nature, *Use*; and that the singularities above mentioned are a kind of heirlooms which the habits of preceding generations have entailed upon their remote posterity. Besides, too many of the Mobility, insensible of the advantages of an agreeable exterior, imprudently venture into chimneys and other places, handle hard and rough substances, and go about in huge heavy boots, from which inclemencies behaviour their appearance in many respects sustains great detriment. * * The Mobility, in certain amusements of theirs, present a curious and humiliating parallel to those of a portion of the Nobility. They are slightly addicted to games of chance, although instead of throwing dice, they usually toss pence, and for roulette or noir, engage in what is termed *blind hokey*. We could mention some persons who appear to have learned one of these delightful sports from them; we mean, the *thimble rig*. They are prone, too, in their way, to the pleasures of the field; for instance, the pursuit of the rat, which, although not a noble recreation, like the chase of the fox, is yet a species of hunting. The lodger likewise contributes, occasionally, to their fund of harmless enjoyment. They do not, it is true, perform nocturnal gymnastics on knockers and bell-wires, such presumption on their part being severely punishable; but it must be confessed that at an election or an illumination they evince a strong predilection for very similar exploits. * * It is desirable that their manners should be a little more respectful than they at present are. In the use of all titles of honour they are exceedingly economical, seldom dignifying any one with the term, "Sir," but a Policeman. Strangely enough, they are, in their way, votaries of Fashion. Besides their songs, they have various phrases, which have, as dogs are said to do, their day. Many of these will not bear mentioning; but the last in vogue, which embodies an inquiry after the health of the Mammon of the person addressed, is not, perhaps, so objectionable as the majority. * * The frightful violence which their street brawls do to the ears and eyes of any of the superior classes who may have the misfortune to witness them,

ladies, for instance, in their carriages, is such, that we are shocked to think of it.

These general characteristics are better than the individual portraits of the Griggses, Mullinses, and others, who have stood, or squatted, to Mr. Leech. But enough of this book. "The best of the kind are but shadows."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Civil History of the Jews, from Joshua to Hadrian, by the Rev. O. Cockayne.—This appears to be a compilation of the notes which a student of Biblical History would make for his own use. All the difficulties of the Jewish polity are left not only unexplained, but without an attempt at explanation. Every Hebrew student has felt the want of such a work as this professed to be; for the civil institutions of the Jews, though founded on the Pentateuch, departed very early both from the letter and the spirit of the Mosaic code. A scholar who would trace these deviations step by step would do good service to the cause of biblical criticism, and the prophetic writings supply materials in abundance; but Mr. Cockayne does not appear even to be aware that there was anything more than a nominal change in the constitution of society when the theocracy gave way to the monarchy.

The Cardinal Virtues, by Harriette Campbell.—We trace in these volumes the same characteristics which distinguished "The Only Daughter," by the same writer. There is the same purity and simplicity, a little overwrought as before—but there is a good deal more prosing—and the reader must add *Patience* to the four old cardinals, or he will never reach the end of the work.

Life of Mohammed Ali,—*Egypt and Mohammed Ali*, by R. R. Madden, M.D.—The first is a small volume, apparently got up for the occasion, and contains as much information as could be hurriedly collected. The second is a reprint of a series of letters, which appeared recently in the *Morning Chronicle*.

Kenrick's Egypt of Herodotus.—We are by no means disposed to favour the exhibition of authors in detached portions and specimens—and with few authors is such a course of proceeding less pardonable than with Herodotus, whose design was to exhibit, as in a map, the situation of the several states that bore a part in the great struggle between Asia and Europe—for such the wars between Persia and Greece should be considered,—and in treating each detached portion, his mind held steadily in view the harmonious whole into which it should be fitted, with its accurate proportions. The Egypt is indeed the part which may with least violence be separated from the rest, but this we apprehend should be done rather in the prelections of a professor than in a substantive publication. Mr. Kenrick's preliminary and appendical matter is of great value, but it has little or no special relation to his text; it would appear as if Herodotus had only supplied him with pegs whereupon he might hang dissertations. The estimate we have formed of Mr. Kenrick's abilities leads us to wish that he would boldly enter the lists himself, and not seek a shelter for opinions under the guise of a commentator.

First Exercises for Children, in Light, Shade, and Colour.—This is a series of questions, without answers, illustrated by a great variety of practical examples, and designed to assist in teaching the act of *seeing*, as preliminary to all attempts at reproducing the objects of sight. The rules and maxims of art, in the author's scheme, are intended to form a second stage in the process of instruction,—founded on that correct habit of observation, which it is the purpose of this catechism to furnish. The little volume is designed as much for the guidance of the teacher as his pupil;—and aims especially at guarding the former against that familiar error—the great impediment in the way of all elementary instruction, which assumes in the latter a more advanced state of preparation, than he has had the means of attaining. The master is "asked to bear in mind, that what is spoon-meat to him may be strong meat to babes." A glance over the questions will show that they certainly do deal very largely in spoon-meat;—but they are avowedly framed for the instruction of children, between the ages of three and twelve; and we are too well aware

of the time lost to the acquisition of knowledge, for want of beginning at the beginning, and helping the pupil to the simplest forms of thought, not to give our cordial approbation to the author's plan in this respect. With what success he has met the difficulty, and how far it may be needful to go, in sounding the shallows of a young mind, to make a clear passage for the stream of knowledge, we feel that none can judge so well as they who are practically engaged in the business of education.

List of New Books.—Edwards's *Eton Latin Grammar*, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl. lettered.—Butler's *(J. O.) Geography of the Globe*, 5th edit. by J. Rowbotham, 12mo. 6s. roan, lettered.—Geary's *Family Prayers for a Fortnight*, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl. or 1s. 9d. cl. gilt edges.—*Observations on the Management of Madhouses*, by Caleb Crother, Part II., 12mo. 2s. 6d. bd.—Lieutenant John Wood's *Journey to the Source of the River Oxus*, 8vo. 1s. cl.—*Domestic Manners and Customs of the Japanese*, post 8vo. 9s. 6d. cl.—Mrs. Loudon's *Instructions in Gardening for Ladies*, new edit. 12mo. 6s. cl.—*Bishop Heber's Poetical Works*, 1 vol. post 8vo. 9s. 6d. cl.—*Sentences from the Proverbs in English, French, German, and Italian*, 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—*Wanostrocht's Témoignage*, now edit. 12mo. 4s. 6d. bd.—*Greenwood's Studies of Forest Trees*, imp. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—*The Book of Quadrupeds*, by Bilby and Ridgway, square, 4s. 6d. hd.—*Simple Truths in Verse*, by Mary Elliott, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Twiss's *Liv'y*, Vol. III., 8vo. 9s. 6d. cl.—*Mills on the Cultivation of the Cucumber and Melon*, post 8vo. 10s. cl.—*The Children of the Mobility*, by Leech, 4to. 10s. 6d. bd.—*Catalogue of London Periodicals, &c. for 1841*, 1s. on sheet.—*Perpetual Obligation of Tithes*, 8vo. 1s. cl.—*Corse de Leon, a Romance*, by G. P. R. James, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—*Fearn's Book of Amusement*, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—*The Mincing Man, or the Lesson of Life*, 3 vols. royal 12mo. 31s. 6d. bds.—*Jones's Sheridan's Dictionary*, by Birkin, new edit. square, 3s. 6d. roan.—*Ports, arsenals, and dockyards of France*, crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—*Hobbes' Opera Latina*, Vol. III., 8vo. 12s. cl.—*James Harris's Works*, in 4 vols. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—*The Law affecting the Grant of Maynooth College*, by James Lord, 12mo. 9s. bds.—*Dreaming and Dreams*, by Mrs. Blair, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—*Swinburne's Courts of Europe*, 2 vols. 8vo. 22s. bds.—*Society in India*, by an Indian Officer, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. bds.—*Guilly on Nervousness*, 2nd edit. 8vo. 6s. cl.—*Sky on Venereal Disease*, coloured plates, fe. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.—*The Reconciler, or the Harmony and Glory of the Divine Government*, 8vo. 10s. cl.—*Donne's Devotions*, 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.

THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

Flowers,—fresh flowers,—with your fragrance free,
Have you come, in your queenly robes to me?
Me have you sought, from your fair retreat
With your greeting lips, and your dewy feet,
And the heavenward glance of your radiant eye,
Like angel-guests, from a purer sky?

But where did ye hide when the frost came near,
And your many sisters were pale with fear?
Where did ye hide, with a check as bright
As gleam'd amid Eden's vales of light,
Ere the wiles of the Tempter its blis had shamed
Or the terrible sword o'er its gateway flamed?

Flowers,—sweet flowers,—with your words of cheer,
Thanks to the friend who hath brought you here,
For this, may her blossoms of varied dye
Be the earliest born 'neath the vernal sky,—
And she be led, by their whisper'd lore
To the love of that land where they fade no more.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

January, 1841.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

A bill for the regulation of copyright, in works of literature, science, and art, has been introduced into the Chamber of Deputies, by M. Villemain, the Minister of Public Instruction, the provisions of which, while they are generally framed with an anxious desire to effect an equitable compromise between the rights of individuals and the interests of the public, have likewise, in certain cases, been drawn with a view to the facilitating of such future arrangements for the general protection of international copyright as France may be able to effect with her neighbours, in the spirit recommended by her booksellers (as our readers are aware), and partially acted upon already in the states of the Germanic confederation. The leading booksellers, however, have petitioned the Chamber to add, at once, and unconditionally, to the new law, a clause, recognizing the rights of authorship in foreign works, and thus extend all its provisions to the foreigner. Meantime, in England, Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's Copyright Bill, as we ought perhaps to have noticed last week, has been contemptuously kicked out—no, shut out—of the House of Commons. The assembled wisdom would not even grant

him permission to introduce it. The *coup de grâce* was given, becomingly, by Mr. Macaulay, an old *littérateur* himself (who has, however, secured something better than his copyrights as an inheritance for his children), in a very clever speech, especially remarkable for not containing a single new argument; although the old, we admit, never before did duty so efficiently. To discuss the matter again would be a waste of time. Mr. Macaulay's general argument, if entitled to any weight at all, goes to prove that such a thing as private property ought not to exist, for assuredly, wherever the right exists, the power which it confers may be abused. The proposed extension of the term is, he says, impolitic and dangerous, because the descendants of Boswell and Richardson would have suppressed, and the descendants of other authors might choose to suppress, the works of their ancestors. Let us carry this sort of reasoning a little further. Property in land is impolitic and dangerous, because some Fifth-Monarchy-Men heretofore held that it was sinful to cultivate the earth, and other sects and fanatics may arise and maintain like opinions: now would not want of food be as severely felt by the nation as the want of any half dozen volumes that were ever published? Yet, who ever argued thence against property in land? But, admitting, for a moment, that the argument is entitled to consideration, what so easy as to insert a clause, to the effect that, if, after due notice, an edition were not published, any man should be at liberty to reprint the work? But the miserable end of the Bill was in character with its miserable life. It never had a single hour of hearty healthy existence. We do not question the sincerity of Mr. Talfourd, or of Sir Robert Inglis, or of others who gave it their support; but they had nothing "to prick the sides of their intent"—they were fighting for an abstraction, and wanted fit audience—the battle was from the first heartless, and hopeless.

A question has been since raised, in connexion with this subject, which, as it affects the public, may be thought more worthy of consideration. Mr. Loudon, in the *Morning Chronicle*, directs attention to a wrong, by which old books are palmed off on the public as new editions. There should be "an act," he says, "to render it imperative on publishers not to allow the true date of the title-page and preface of any scientific work to be altered, except when alterations are made in the body of the volume. Publishers should also be obliged, when a work is stereotyped, to introduce that word, and the year in which the plates were cast, in the title-page; and not to alter that date till a genuine new edition was produced. The effect of these regulations would be to prevent old works on sciences, which are undergoing improvement every day, from being given to the public as new editions containing all the latest improvements. This would be a manifest advantage to the public, while the frequency of really new editions would bring some little remuneration to the author, who is now often doomed to see his works selling extensively, on the credit of his name, and passing through several nominal editions from the old stereotyped plates, not only without his deriving the slightest advantage from them, but with the certainty that he will be blamed for errors and omissions which he sees, and has no power to correct or supply." We may perhaps take occasion hereafter to advert more fully to the subject thus brought under consideration. Meanwhile we may observe, that Mr. Loudon fights with a two-edged sword, which may wound authors as well as publishers. The exact relations existing between Mr. Loudon and his publishers of course we cannot know—all parties are highly respectable—yet if our Correspondents be not strangely in error, the practice denounced by Mr. Loudon has been very successfully practised with some of Mr. Loudon's own publications, and it has been vouched for to us, that "the new and improved" edition of Mr. Loudon's *Encyclopædia of Gardening*, a science "undergoing improvement every day," is but a re-issue, with a new title-page and preface, of an edition ten years old—printed from the same stereotype plates—and therefore necessarily verbatim, and with all its errors on its head, be they many or be they few!—few indeed they cannot be, for the discoveries, in reference to vegetable physiology, made within the last five years, are the first steps towards a knowledge of the very

elements of the science. As Mr. Loudon has himself directed attention to this subject, he cannot object to our illustration, however homely.

Mr. Cockerell's Lectures are concluded, and, we regret to say, the Professor did not take the hint we threw out. At the last lecture he exhibited some curious and interesting original architectural drawings. Among them were several elevations of Whitehall Palace, by Inigo Jones, and a very elaborate drawing, by Sansovino, of the decorations designed by him for the front of S. Maria del Fiore, in honour of the Pope's visit to Florence. The style of these drawings was little more than outlines, with the shades lightly washed in; and it was recommended by Mr. Cockerell to the students, as far preferable to the present mode of finishing architectural drawings—in which pictorial artifices, landscape effects, strong oppositions of light and shade and colour, distract attention from the sober consideration of the main point—the design. The truth of these remarks is generally felt and acknowledged—in many competitions it is expressly stipulated that the drawings shall be sent in, plainly washed in sepia or Indian ink; the same rule applies to designs made for the Church Commissioners; and it would be well if some general regulation of this sort were applied to the architectural drawings sent for exhibition to the Royal Academy. Such regulations however cannot be enforced, while even the limited space allowed to the architects is not held sacred for their exclusive use, and while their wash drawings are overpowered, as we took leave to observe last year (No. 637), by pictures of great scope and powerful colour.

The scheme of the third Concert at the *Conservatoire* of Paris contained a symphony by Haydn,—an instrumental sextuor by Bertini,—chorus from Handel's *Alexander's Feast*,—another from "Samson,"—and two airs from his *Rinaldo* and *Scipio*,—the latter sung by Madame Viardot Garcia. We are glad, since the lady is coming to be a star of our musical season, that she appears disposed not only to emulate her sister's universality, but also to do her part in sustaining classical music; another of her concert songs has been less worthily selected—Isauro's flimsy and brilliant "Non, je ne veux pas chanter," which used some twelve years since to be a favourite show-piece, with Mrs. Salmon.—It is painful again to have to revert to the steady and resolute *diminuendo* with which the directors of the Philharmonic Society proceed to the extinction of their establishment. We have heard that plans of getting up an audience were to be brought forward at the last Council. These, if carried into effect, must be fatal. The fullest attendance, if the amount of gratuitous admission be so enormously increased, as was rumoured, will be no more a sign of popularity, than "the stuffed footmen" which the *Examiner*, some years ago, proposed should be hireable for the Park on Sundays, would be an evidence of "an establishment."—Among the probable artistic arrivals for the season, that of Madame Schumann, the celebrated pianist, and better known here as Mlle. Clara Wieck, is spoken of.

Mr. Leslie, the Academician, is, we learn, engaged on a picture of the Royal Christening—to form a companion to his fine picture of the Coronation.

The Paris papers state that a large body of Americans, at present assembled in that capital, have addressed a letter to M. Guizot, expressing their grateful admiration of his work on Washington; and soliciting that he will permit his portrait to be painted by an American artist, to be placed in the Grand Hall of the Library of Congress. M. Guizot has, of course, accepted this flattering testimonial.

Instances of that extraordinary modern enthusiasm which has attended the steps of certain great musical artists through some of the European states, converting their progresses into triumphal marches, such as waited upon conquerors of old, we have, more than once, had occasion to notice; but European enthusiasm, in its highest calenture, is cold, beside the sort of *fanaticism* which has surrounded the path of Fanny Ellsler throughout the states of the American Union. At New York, says the *Herald* of that city, and at Philadelphia, she has excited the same frenzy of admiration. The preaching of the clergy, the warnings of moralists, the denunciations of the gossips, and the reasoning of the journals, have

been alike powerless to moderate the excitement, which her appearance has everywhere—on the stage in the streets, and in the public walks and gardens—created. But all this (with the substantial addition of five hundred dollars per night—100. British) are nothing to the *madness* (we can call it nothing else) with which "the divine Fanny," as they delight to call her, has been received in Virginia. It is scarcely possible to believe that the particulars given of her reception in Richmond can be seriously intended; they would be considered too gross if ventured upon in a farce, having for its object a burlesque of this species of mania: if a mere squib, it is a very clumsy one. The *New York Herald*, however, treats it as *fact*. After this, it need not surprise us to find that M. Léon Pillet, the director of the Académie Royale, has been obliged to cite the "divine Fanny" before the Tribunal de Commerce, for having exceeded her leave of absence, laying his damages at 60,000 francs.

The letters from Sicily and the Calabria are filled with details of the ravages occasioned, in those countries, by the recent earthquake; and to these, and a variety of disasters by inundation, to which that country has been subjected, is to be added the more terrible one, in its consequences to human life, of a mountain-slip which has taken place at Gragnano, distant about six leagues from Naples. A huge block, detaching itself from the mountain which overhangs the little town, has destroyed 115 individuals, and laid a large proportion of the place in ruins. An official report of the devastations by the late earthquake in Syria will be found under the head of *Miscellanea*.

The death of Sir Astley Cooper has been made known to the public in memoirs, occupying whole columns of our daily contemporaries. Sir Astley was undoubtedly a very distinguished surgeon—but without questioning his abilities or his acquirements, quite as much indebted to manners as to either his professional success. His manners, indeed, were singularly kind and pleasing—and no man perhaps ever arrived at such professional eminence, with so few enemies; by his patients, his professional brethren, and his pupils, he was equally beloved. He was the son of the Rev. S. Cooper, and born at Brooke, in the county of Norfolk, on the 23rd of August, 1768. His mother was the author of a novel called *'The Exemplary Mother.'* At fifteen, young Cooper was apprenticed to an apothecary at Yarmouth; but after a few months he was removed to London, and bound to his uncle, Mr. Cooper, surgeon of Guy's Hospital; in three months again he was transferred to Mr. Cline, surgeon at St. Thomas's, to whom he subsequently became assistant-lecturer. He commenced practice in the city, and resided there up to 1815. In 1817 he was appointed Sergeant-Surgeon to his Majesty; and, in 1821, was created a baronet. His fees are said to have amounted in one year to 21,000*l.*, and for many years they did not fall short of 15,000*l.* He is to be buried this day in the chapel of Guy's Hospital.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The Gallery for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the Works of BRITISH ARTISTS is OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening. Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 1*s.*

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

Under the Patronage of Her MAJESTY and His Royal Highness Prince ALBERT.—THE ROYAL GALLERY of PRATICAL SCIENCE, ADELAIDE-STREET, WEST STRAND.—The Electrotype, Reflecting Bioscope, &c. &c. daily shown—Electricity and Magnetism illustrated by the most extensive and complete apparatus ever collected.—The Living Electrical Eel, the only one in Europe.—The Steam-Engine, Microscope, and other Instruments, and applications of the Arts.—Perry's Early Vener. Paintings, Statuary, Music, Cosmorama of the Embarkation of the Body of Napoleon, and the Bombardment of Acre, painted by Mr. Coates.—Models of Buildings, Machines, Instruments, &c. &c.—Lectures on Physical Philosophy, &c. &c.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 1*s.* Children under fourteen years of age, 6*d.*—Open from half past Ten till Five daily.

THE MODEL OF THE ARCHIMEDES STEAM VESSEL at work on the Water, with three other beautiful Models, showing the propelling power of the Screw—Oiler's Anemometer—numerous Models in Motion.—THE MAGNIFIED DIAPOXYTYPE Pictures, and the PANORAMA of CANTON ILLUMINATED.—The Microscope, and other Instruments, including the Electrotype—Varied Experiments, Microscope, Diving Bell, and Diver; and the Bude Light in the Evenings.

MUSIC from Three to Five, and from Half-past Eight to Half-past Ten till Five daily.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, Regent-street.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 15.—Right Hon. Lord Sandon, M.P., President, in the chair.

A paper was read, 'On the Sickness, Mortality, and prevailing Diseases among Seamen and Soldiers, as shown by the Naval and Military Statistical Reports,' by Major Tulloch.—A volume of official Reports on the health of the Navy having been presented to Parliament, an opportunity is now afforded of comparing the relative influence of the same climates on the health of seamen and soldiers, of corroborating the deductions previously drawn from similar data in the Military Reports, and of extending the range of observation to various quarters of the globe, with the vital statistics of which we should otherwise have been unacquainted. The volume referred to is divided into three parts: the first embracing the health details of the seamen in the South American command; the second, of those in the West Indian and North American command; and the third those in the Mediterranean and Peninsular commands. As the Naval Reports extend only over the seven years anterior to 1837, it is necessary, for an accurate comparison, that the results should include the same period of time in each instance. For this purpose, all the calculations refer only to the period of seven years from 1830 to 1836 inclusive; and the following are the general results:—Annual ratio per 1000 of mean strength. *Naval Force*—number of cases treated, 1,304; total deaths, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$; number of invalids, 25 $\frac{1}{2}$. *Military Force*—number treated, 1088; total deaths, 20 $\frac{1}{2}$; number of invalids, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$. Thus it appears, that of the Naval Force, 1304 came under treatment out of every 1000 annually, while in the army, only 1088 out of an equal number during the same period. But, before drawing any conclusion, it is necessary to take into consideration a circumstance which tends to bring the extent of sickness more upon a par in the two services. Sailors are subject to slight injuries, which during bad weather often tend very materially to increase the sick list; and therefore to ascertain the amount of sickness arising in each service from climatorial influence alone, it is necessary to deduct, from the returns of both, the number reported under the head of wounds and injuries. Though the amount of sickness after this correction approximates very nearly, yet the mortality still remains almost twice as high in the Military as the Naval force, the former having lost by disease about 18, the latter only 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ per 1000 annually. This great difference may in some measure be accounted for, by the facility in the navy, of sending home invalids: a sailor can obtain a passage to his native country on board of some homeward bound man-of-war if a medical officer thinks his health likely to be improved by the change; but, in the army, the opportunity of sending home soldiers labouring under chronic diseases seldom occurs oftener than once or twice a year, however urgent may be the necessity for such a change; and in confirmation of this, it was stated in the paper that 25 per 1000 of the naval force are sent home annually, and only 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ per 1000 of the military. The comparatively short period of the sailor's service, has also a powerful influence in keeping the mortality below that which is usual among troops in the same climate. Soldiers are enlisted for life, and in most instances continue to serve from twenty-one to twenty-five years consecutively, while sailors only engage for the period a vessel is to continue in commission, which seldom exceeds three or four years, after which they cannot return to service without undergoing another medical inspection. The sanatory influence of the sea air on chronic affections of the liver, may be also adduced in tending to lower the mortality on shipboard. The principal classes of diseases to which the military and naval force serving in the Mediterranean have been respectively subject to, are, *Fevers*—Intermittent, Remittent, Common continued, Typhus, &c.: *Erysipelas*—*Lectures*, Catalogues, from *Mr. Cocks*.

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after many ages shall have passed away. It was at the same time observed, that numerous rents or fissures took place on the banks of the Araxes and the Karassu, from the source of the latter to its confluence with the Arpatchai, on all the spots where the banks of those rivers are somewhat elevated. These fissures were seen every moment to open and shut. There also occurred a great number of violent explosions from the bottoms of holes like little craters, which, opening and shutting in the same way as fissures, spouted out torrents of water, and cast up immense quantities of pebbles and gravel. The waters of the Araxes were so violently agitated, that they rose over both banks, now causing inundation, then sinking again into the centre of the bed, which thus appeared concave. According to the accounts of the people of the country, several parts of the river became dry, while at other parts the body of the stream rose to a great height, making a noise like the sound of boiling water. During these awful moments terror and desolation reigned everywhere to a great distance around Mount Ararat. The Persian town of Maku, and Baiazeith, the chief town of a Turkish Pashalic, also suffered from the earthquake. Its successive shocks convulsed in a few minutes the earth as far as Shusa and Tabris on the one side, and to Tiflis on the other. But its ravages extended chiefly over the Russian territory. The ancient and venerable monument of St. James, and the village of Acorhi, with its 200 houses and 1000 inhabitants, situate on the skirts of Mount Masis, at the foot of the Great Ararat, were entirely destroyed by the immense masses of rock which were detached from the summit of the mountain, and by the colossal glaciers accumulated during an incalculable series of ages in that region of eternal snow, which those rocks brought with them in their descent. In the cantons of Eriwan, Sharur, Nakhichevan, and Ordubat, nearly all the houses have been entirely destroyed. In Nakhichevan two Armenian churches, five mosques, 779 houses, and 25 shops were quite ruined. In the district of the same name, including the canton of Ordubat, the number of edifices destroyed has been found to amount to 2,436 houses, one church, two mosques, and 17 mills, leaving out of the account 1,095 houses, nine churches, five mosques, and 15 mills, which were more or less seriously damaged. In the canton of Sharur the earthquake threw down 3,135 houses, and 75 mills. In the same canton, on the left of the river Araxes, where its banks are somewhat elevated, land-slips took place, which carried away several villages and the adjoining corn-fields. Most fortunately the catastrophe occurred before sunset, which is doubtless the cause that the number of victims, the inhabitants of Acorhi excepted, was less considerable than might have been expected. With that exception, the number is limited to merely 49 individuals in the two districts of Eriwan and Nakhichevan, exclusive of 17 seriously wounded. The influence of the earthquake on all the wells within the two districts mentioned was very remarkable. In the canton of Nakhichevan upwards of 30 springs were dried up for some time; some continued even several days after the catastrophe to yield only thick and whitish-coloured water; others, on the contrary, became more abundant than they had previously been; and in the vicinity of several of the latter new springs made their appearance. Thus the volume of water from the springs of Karassu and Chapar, near the village of Sardarak, is more than double what it was; and a new current of water, which first issued forth at the time of the earthquake, still flows from a cleft in Mount Gindil. At Karagasanlu, a poor village situate at the confluence of the rivers Arpatchai and Araxes, the earthquake was observed in all its terrific grandeur. Terrified by the first shock, and stunned by a noise like the rolling of thunder, the inhabitants had no sooner raised their eyes to the summit of the Ararat, and beheld the direction of the detached masses of rock, than a second shock overthrew their clay huts. The whole village disappeared amidst an immense cloud of dust; at the same time the earth alternately opened and closed around them, and numerous columns of water spouting up in the air from the apertures, threw into the fields sand and pebbles which had been dislodged from the bottom of those frightful gulfs. The unfortunate inhabitants fled in dismay from the places of their birth. It is difficult to afford any idea of the

scene which presented itself in the narrow valley of Acorhi. The masses of rock, ice, and snow, detached by the first shock from the summit of Ararat and its lateral points were thrown, at one single bound, from a height of 6,000 feet to the bottom of the valley, where they lay scattered over an extent of seven versts. At first not the slightest traces of the monastery or the village were perceptible; but gradually the snow and ice began to melt, and the mass of debris, losing its adhesion, separated and crumbled away in various directions. A portion was carried down by the slope of the valley as far as the banks of the Karassu, with such rapidity, that huge masses of ice preserved entire and immense fragments of rock were in the space of a few minutes hurled to a distance of 20 versts from the point where they had fallen. This happened at 9 in the morning of the 24th of June. Torrents of clayey mud, of a whitish colour, issued from the sides of the great mass of debris, which remained immovable, inundating and devastating the fields and meadows from that point to the banks of the Karassu. These torrents were so great, that between the mountains bounding the valley of Acorhi and the banks of the river ground was inundated to the extent of 12 versts in width. One of these torrents of mud, falling into the Karassu, forced that river to alter its course. A vast number of mutilated human bodies, frightful evidences of the disaster of Acorhi, were hurled into the Karassu; so that the waters of the river were for a long time unfit for use in cooking or drinking. On the 5th of July these torrents had entirely disappeared. On a piece of ground extending from the monastery to the village of Acorhi, where formerly were to be seen cultivated fields and gardens, we at present find a labyrinth of hillocks of a conical form, composed of fragments of rock, and covering fragments of glaciers, which in consequence of being thus protected against the influence of the atmosphere are not yet melted. These hillocks are furrowed by numerous fissures, and have cavities full of water containing vitriol; they will probably disappear when the ice which they cover shall be dissolved. After the great concussion, the effects of which were so dreadful, distinctly felt shocks occurred at intervals until the 28th of July; they afterwards diminished in force, but they did not entirely cease in the district of Sharur until the 1st of September, and, though very feeble towards the close of that period, they were still accompanied by a slight subterraneous noise.

Requests to the University of Oxford.—Dr. Mason, of Hurley, has bequeathed to the University of Oxford a painting of the Zodiac, taken from the temple of Tentyra, in Egypt, together with all his Egyptian Papyri, and a model of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The former he directs to be placed in the University "Picture Gallery," the latter in the Bodleian, to which Library he also bequeaths the sum of *forty thousand pounds* (stock) to be expended for the benefit of the said library at the uncontrolled discretion of the trustees. He leaves to Queen's College all his Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, and other reliques of antiquity (excepting those before bequeathed to the Bodleian), together with a picture of the late Mr. Belzoni, and his shells; and in addition *thirty thousand pounds* (stock) to be expended in books within a period limited by his will. *—Oxford paper.*

Life Apparatus for Shipwreck.—At the meeting of Wednesday evening last, the Society of Arts awarded the large silver medal to Mr. Harison, of Newhaven, for the invention of an apparatus for saving the lives of persons shipwrecked under the precipitous cliffs of a coast where there is no beach. It appears, from the evidence of the naval officers who attended the committee, that the cases to which Mr. Harison's contrivance is adapted, are of frequent occurrence, and that many lives have been lost for want of a similar machine. As the apparatus is very portable, and requires but few hands to work it, it is recommended that one be kept at each coast-guard station wherever the nature of the coast points out the probability of its being usefully applied.

Composition of different Kinds of Food.—Potatoes contain, it has been ascertained, from 68 to 70 per cent. of water; lentils, 16 per cent.; fresh beef, 72 to 76 per cent.; and brown bread (*Schwarzbrod*) 31 to 32 per cent. of water.

GARDENERS' CHRONICLE, edited by PROFESSOR LINDLEY.—The earlier Numbers being out of print, the Publisher begs to announce that Numbers 1 and 2 will be reprinted, and ready for delivery by Friday next.

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